



THE  
RAPE OF  
LVCRECE.

A  
True Roman Tragedie.

*With the severall Songes in their apt places,*  
by Valerius, the merrie Lord amongst  
the Roman Peeres.

Acted by her Maiesties Seruants at the Red Bull,  
neere Clarken-well.

1608

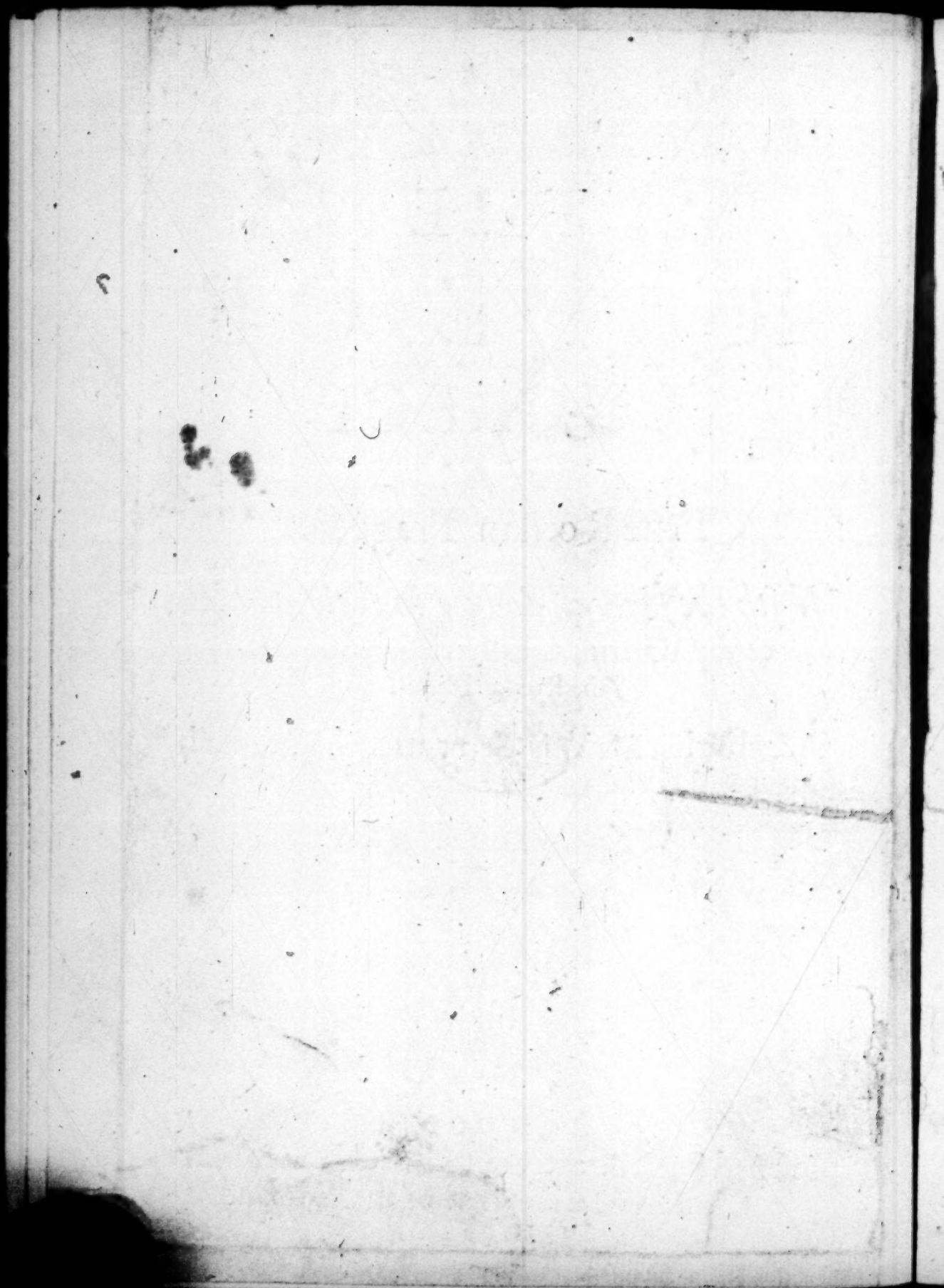
Written by *Thomas Heywood.*



LONDON

Printed for I. B. and are to be solde in Paules  
Church-yard at the Signe of the Pide Bull.

1608.







## To the Reader.



*I* Thath beene no custome in mee of all other men (curteous Readers) to commit my plaies to the presse: the reason, though some may attribute to my own insufficiencie, I had rather subscribe in that to their seuere censure, then by seeking to auoide the imputation of weakenes, to incurre a greater suspicion of honestie: for though some haue used a double sale of their labours, first to the Stage, and after to the presse, For my owne part I heere proclaimemy selfe euer faithfull in the first, and neuer guiltie of the last: yet since some of my plaies haue (vknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers handes, and therfore so corrupt and mangled, (copied onely by the eare) that I haue bene as vnable to know them, as ashamde to challenge them. This therefore I was the willing-er to furnish out in his natue habit: first heeing by consent, next because the rest haue beene so wronged in beeing publisht in such sauadge and ragged ornaments: accept it Curteous Gentlemen, and prooue as fauourable Readers as wee haue found you gratio-  
*us Auditors.*

Yours T. H.

A 2

The



## *Dramatis personæ.*

- |    |  |                                 |
|----|--|---------------------------------|
| 1  | <i>Servius</i>                           | King of Rome.                   |
| 2  | <i>Tarquin</i>                           | The prowde.                     |
| 3  | <i>Tullia</i>                            | Wife of <i>Tarquin Superbus</i> |
| 4  | <i>Arms and</i>                          | } the two Sonnes of<br>Tarquin. |
| 5  | <i>Sextus</i>                            |                                 |
| 6  | <i>Brutus Iunior</i>                     |                                 |
| 7  | <i>Collatinus</i>                        |                                 |
| 8  | <i>Horatius Cocles.</i>                  |                                 |
| 9  | <i>Mutius scenola.</i>                   |                                 |
| 10 | <i>Lucretius</i>                         |                                 |
| 11 | <i>Porfenna</i>                          | King of the Tuscans             |
| 12 | <i>Porfennæes</i>                        | Secretarie                      |
| 13 | <i>Pub: Valerius.</i>                    |                                 |
| 14 | The priest of <i>Appollo.</i>            |                                 |
| 16 | 2. Centinels.                            |                                 |
| 17 | <i>Lucretia</i> ravisht by <i>Sextus</i> |                                 |
| 18 | <i>Myrable.</i>                          | <i>Lucretius</i> Maide          |
| 19 | The Clowne.                              |                                 |


The



THE  
Rape of Lucrece.

SENATE

*Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus, Tarquinus, Tullia, Arnus,  
Lucretius, Valerius, Poplicola, and Senators  
before them.*

**Tullia**  I withdraw, we must haue priuate confe-  
With our deere husband. (rence

**Targ.** What wouldst thou wife?  
**Tullia** Be what I am not, make thee greater  
Then thou canst ay me to be. (farre

**Targ.** Why I am Tarquin.

**Tul.** And I am Tullia, what of that?  
What *Diapasons* more in Tarquins name  
Then in a Subiects? or what's Tullia  
More in the sound, then to become the name  
Of a poore Maide or waiting Gentlewoman?  
I am a princeesse both by birth and thoughts,  
Yet al's but Tullia, theres no resonance  
In a bare stile: my title beares no breadth,  
Nor hath it any state, oh me, i'me sicke!

**Targ.** Sick Lady?

**Tul.** Sick at heart.

**Targ.** Why my sweete Tullia?

**Tul.** To be a Queene I long, long and am sicke  
With ardence, my hot appetite's afire,  
Till my swolne feruor be delivered  
Of that great Title Queene, my heart's alroyal,  
Not to be circumscribed in seruill bounds,  
While there's a King that rules the Peeres of Rome.  
Tarquin makes legs and Tullia curtesies lowe,  
Bowes at each nod, and must not neere the state  
Without obedience, oh! I hate this awe, my prowd heart can-  
not brooke it.



## The Rape of Lucrece

*Tar.* Heare me wife.

*Tul.* I am no wife of *Tarquin*: if not King:  
Oh had God made me man, I would haue mounted  
About the base tribunals of the earth,  
Vp to the clowdes, for pompeous soueraintie,  
Thou art a man, oh beare my royall minde,  
Mount heauen and see if *Tullia* lag behinde,  
There is no earth in me, I am all fire,  
Were *Tarquin* so, then should we both aspire.

*Tar.* Oh *Tullia*, though my body taste of dulnesse,  
My soule is winged: loe I soare as high as thine,  
But note what flags our wings! fortie five yeares  
The King thy father hath protected Roome.

*Tul.* That makes for vs: the people couet change,  
Euen the best things in time grow tedious.

*Tar.* T'would seeme vnnaturall in thee my *Tullia*,  
The reuerend King, thy Father to depose:

*Tul.* A kingdomes quest, makes Sonnes and Fathers foes.

*Tar.* And but by *Servius* fall we cannot climbe,  
The balme that must annoynt vs is his blood.

*Tul.* Lets laue our browes then in that crimson flood,  
We must be bolde and dreadlesse, who aspires,  
Mounts by the liues of Fathers, Sonnes, and Sires.

*Tar.* And so must I, since for a kingdomes loue,  
Thou canst despise a Father for a Crowne:  
*Tarquin* shall mount *Servius* be tumbled down  
For he vsurpes my state, and first deposde,  
My father in my swathed Infancye,  
For which he shall be countant to his end.  
I haue sounded all the Peires and Senators,  
and though vnknowne to thee my *Tullia*,  
They al embrace my faction, and so they,  
Loue change of state, and new King to obey.

*Tul.* Now is my *Tarquin*, worthy *Tullias* grace  
Since in my armes, I thus a King embrace.

*Tar.* The King should meete this day in Parliament,  
With all the Senates and Estates of Rome:  
His place will I assume, and there proclaime,



# The Rape of Lucrece.

All our decrees in Royall Tarquins name.

*Florisb*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Colatine  
and Senators.*

*Lucr.* May it please thee Noble Tarquin to attend  
The King this day within the high Capitoll?

*Tul.* Attend?

*Targ.* We intend this day to see the Capitoll,  
You knew our father good *Lucretius*?

*Lucr.* I did my Lord.

*Tar.* Was not I his Sonne?

The Queen my Mother was of royall thoughts  
and heart pure, as vnbemist Innocence.

*Lucr.* Why asks my Lord?

*Tar.* Sonnes should succede their fathers, but anon  
You shall heare more, high time that we were gone. *Florisb.*

*Exeunt: manent Colatine and Valerius*

*Col.* There's morrall sure in this, *Valerius*,  
Heeres modell, yea, and matter too to breed  
Strange meditations in the prouident braines  
Of our graue Fathers: some strange prokēt liues  
This day in Cradle thats but newly borne.

*Vale.* No doubt *Colatine* no doubt heeres a giddie world,  
it Reeles, it hath got the staggers, the common-wealth is  
sicke of an ague, of which nothing can cure her but some vi-  
olent and suddaine affrightment.

*Col.* The wife of *Tarquin* would be a Queene, nay on my  
life she is with childe till she be so.

*Vale.* and longes to be brought to bed of a Kingdome, I  
deuine we shall see some scuffling to day in the Capitoll.

*Col.* If there be any difference among the Princes and  
Senate, whose faction will *Valerius* follow?

*Vale.* Oh *Collatine*! I am a true Cittizen, and in this I will  
best shew my selfe to be one, to take part with the stronger.  
If *Sernius* ore-come, I am Liegeman to *Sernius*, & if *Tarquin*  
subdue, I am for *Vine Tarquinius*.

*Col.* *Valerius*, no more this talke does but keepe vs from  
the sight of this solemnitie: by this the Princes are entering  
the Capitoll: come, we must attend.

*Exeunt.*

*Senate*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

## SENATE

*Tarquin, Tullia, Sextus, Arnus, Lucretius one way, Brutus  
meeting them the other way very bumerously.*

*Tar.* This place is not for fooles, this parliament  
assembles not the straines of Ideotisme:  
Only the graue and wisest of the land:  
Important are th' affaires wee haue inh and.  
Hence with that mome.

*Lucr.* Brutus forbear the presence.

*Brut.* Forbear the presence, why pra'y?

*Sext.* None are admitted to this graue concourse,  
But wisemen: nay good Brutus.

*Brut.* Youle haue an emptie parliament then.

*Arn.* Heere is no roome for fooles.

*Brut.* Then what makst thou heere, or he or he? oh *Iupiter*?  
if this commaund be kept strictly, wee shall haue emptie  
benches: get you home you that are heere, for heere will be  
nothing to doe this day: a generall concourse of wise-men!  
tw'as neuer seene since the first Chaos. *Tarquin.* if the general  
rule haue no exceptiōs, thou wilt haue an empty Consistor y.

*Tul.* Brutus, you trouble vs.

*Brut.* How powerfull am I you renowned Deities, that am  
able to trouble her that troubles a whole Empire? fooles ex-  
empted, & women admitted! laugh Democritus, but  
haue you nothing to say to Madmen?

*Tarq.* Madmen haue heere no place.

*Brut.* Then out a dores with *Tarquin*: whats hee that may  
sit in a calme Valley, and will choose to repose in a tempesti-  
ous mountaine, but a madman? that may liue in tranquilous  
pleasures, and will seeke out a kingdomes cares, but a mad  
man? who would seeke innouation in a common-wealth in  
publike, or be ouer-ruld by a curst wife in priuate, but afoole  
or a mad-man? giue me thy hand *Tarquin*! shal we two be dis-  
mist together from the Capitoll?

*Tar.* Restraine his folly.

*Tul.* Drive the franique hence.

*Arn.* Nay Brutus.

*Sext.* Good

## The Rape of Lucrece.

*Sex.* Good *Brutus*.

*Brn.* Nay soft, soft good blood of the *Tarquins*, let's haue a few colde words fir<sup>st</sup>, and I am gone in an instant: I claime the priuiledge of the nobilitie of Rome, and by that priuiledge my seate in the Capitol. I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitol as *Horatius* thine, or thine *Lucretius*. Thine *Sextus*, *Arms* thine, or any here: I am a Lord and banish al the Lords, frō the presence, & youle haue few to wait vpon the King but Gentlemen: nay I am easily perswaded then, hands off, since you will not haue my company you shal haue my roome:

My roome indeede, for what I seeme to be,  
*Brutus* is not, but borne great Rome to free.  
The state is full of Dropsie, and swolne bigge  
With windy vapors, which my sword must pierce,  
To purge th' infected blood: bred by the pride  
Of these infested blouds, nay now I goe,  
Beholde I vanish, since tis *Tarquins* minde,  
One small foole goes, but great fooler leanes behinde *Exit*.

*Lucre.* Tis pittie one so generously deriu'd  
Should be depriu'd: his best induements thus,  
And want the true directions of the soule.

*Tar.* To leaue these delatorie trifles, Lords,  
Now to the publique businesse of the Land,  
Lords take your seuerall places.

*Luc.* Not great *Tarquin*, before the King assume his regall  
Whose comming we attend. (throane

*Tull.* Hee's come already.

*Lucr.* The King?

*Tar.* The King:

*Col. Sernius.*

*Tar. Tarquinius:*

*Lucr.* *Sernius* is King.

*Tar.* It was by power diuine,  
The Throane that long since hee vsurpt is mine.  
Heere we enthoane our selues Cathedra<sup>l</sup> state,  
Long since detain'd vs, iustly we resume,  
Then let our friendes, and such as loue vs, crie  
Liue *Tarquin* and enioy this soueraintie.

B

*Omnes*



# *The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Omiss.* Live *Tarquin* and enioy this soueraintie. *Florish.*

*Ent. Valerius.*

*Val.* The King him selfe with such considerate Peeres  
As stoutly embrace his faction, being informde  
Of *Tarquins* vsurpation, armed comes,  
Neeer to the entrance of the Capitoll.

*Targ.* No man giue place: he that dares to arise  
And doe him reuerence, we his loue despise.

*Enter Seruius, Heratius, Secuo, Soldiers.*

*Ser.* Traitor.

*Ta.* Vsurper.

*Ser.* Descend,

*Tul.* Sit still.

*Ser.* In *Seruius* name, *Romes* greate imperiall monarch  
I charge thee *Tarquin* dislinthronc thy selfe.  
and throw thee at our feete, prostrate for mercy.

*Hor.* Spoke like a King.

*Tar.* In *Tarquins* name, now *Romes* imperiall Monarch,  
We charge thee *Seruius* make free resignation,  
Of that archt wreath, thou hast vsurpt so long.

*Tul.* Words worth an Empire.

*Hor.* Shal this be brookt my Soueraigne?  
Dismbunt the Traitor.

*Sex.* Touch him he that dares.

*Hor.* Dares:

*Tul.* Dares?

*Ser.* Strumpet, no childe of mine.

*Tul.* Dotard, and not my father.

*Ser.* Kneele to thy King?

*Tul.* Submit thou to thy Queene?

*Ser.* Insufferable treason! with bright Steele  
Lop downe these interponents, that withstand  
The passageto our throane.

*Hor.* That *Cocles* dares.

*Sex.* We with our Steele, guard *Tarquin* and this chaire.

*Secu.* A *Seruius*.

*Arms.* A *Tarquin*.

*Tar.* Now are we King, indeede our awe is builded

Vpon



## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

Vpon this royall base, and slaughtered body  
Of a dead King? we by his ruine rise  
To a Monarchall Throane.

*Tul.* We haue our longing,  
My fathers death giues me a second life,  
Match better thē the first, my birth was seruitud  
But this new breath of reigne is large and free,  
Welcome my second life of Soueraintie.

*Lucr.* I haue a Daughter, but I hope of mettle,  
Subiect to better temperature: should my *Lucrece*,  
Be of this pride, these handes should sacrifice  
Her blood vnto the Gods that dwell belowe,  
The abortiue brat should not out liue my spleene,  
But *Lucrece* is my Daughter, this my Queene.

*Tul.* Teare off the crowne, that yet empales the Temples  
Of our vsurping Father: quickly Lords,  
And in the face of his yet bleeding woundes,  
Lets vs receiue our honours.

*Tar.* The same breath  
Giues our state life, that was the Vsurers death.

*Tul.* Heere then by heauens hand we inuest our selues:  
Musique, whose loftiest tunes grace Princes crownde,  
Vnto our Noble coronation sound. *Florisb*

*Enter Valerius with Horatio and Scenuola.*

*Tarq.* Whome doth Valerius to our state present?

*Val.* Two valiant Romans, this *Horatius Cocles*,  
This Gent. cal'd *Mutius Scenuola*,  
Who whilst King *Seruius* wore the Diadem,  
Vp held his sway and Prince-dome by their loues:  
But he being faile, since all the Peeres of Rome  
Applaud King *Tarquin* in his soueraintie,  
They with like suffrage greet your coronation.

*Hor.* This hand alyde vnto the Roman Crowne,  
Whome neuer feare deiectd or cast low,  
Laies his victorious sword at *Tarquins* feete,  
And prostrates with his sword, allegiance.

## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

King *Servius* life we lou'd, but he expirde  
Great *Tarquins* life, is in our hearts desirde.

*Sen.* Why? whilst he rules with Iustice and integritie,  
Shall with our dreadles hands, our hearts commaund,  
Euen with the best imployment of our liues,  
Since fortune lifts thee, we submit to fate,  
Our selues are vassailes to the Roman state.

*Targ.* Your roomes were emptie in our traine offriendes,  
Which we reioyce to see so wel supplyde:  
Receiue our grace, liue in our clement fauours,  
In whose submission our young glorie growes  
To his ripe height: fall in our friendly traine,  
And strengthen with your loues our Infant raigne.

*Hor.* We liue for *Tarquin*.

*Sen.* And to thee alone, whilst Iustice keeps thy Sword &  
thouthy Throane.

*Tar.* Then are you ours, and now conduct vs streight,  
In triumph through the populous streetes of Rome,  
To the Kings Pallace our maiesticke seate:  
Your hearts though freely profferd we entreate.

*Sennat.* as they march *Tullia* treads on her father and staies.

*Tullia.* What block is that we treade on?

*Lucr.* Tis the body  
Of your deceased Father Madam, Queene  
Your shoe is crimsend with his vitall blood.

*Tul.* No matter, let his mangled body lye,  
and with his base confederates strew the streets,  
That in disgrace, of his vsurped pride,  
We ore his truncke may in our Chariot ride:  
For mounted like a Queene, twould doe me good  
To wash my Coach-nailes in my fathers blood.

*Lucr.* Heer's a good Childe.

*Targ.* Remoue it, we commaund, and beare his carkasse to  
Where after this direction, let it haue (the funerall pile  
His solemne and due obsequies, faire *Tullia*,  
Thy hate to him growes from thy loue to vs.  
Thou shewst thy selfe in this vnnaturall strife,  
an vnkinde Daughter, but a louing wife.

But

## *The Rape of Lucrece*

But on vnto our Pallace this blest day,  
A Kings encrease, growes by a Kings decay. *Exeunt.*

*Brutus alone.*

*Brw.* Murder the King, a high and capitall treason,  
Those Giants that wagde war against the Gods,  
For which ore-whelmed Mountaines hurld by Ioue,  
To scatter them, and giue timelesse Graues,  
Was not more cruell then this butcherie.  
This slaughter made by *Tarquin*, but the *Queene*,  
A woman, fie, fie, did not this shee parracide,  
ad to her fathers wounds: and when his body  
Lay all besmeard and staine in the blood royall,  
Did not this Monster, this infernate hagge  
Make her vnwilling, Chariater driue on,  
and with his shod wheelles crush her Fathers bones,  
Breake his craz'd scull, and dash his braines  
Vpon the pauements, whilst she hold the raines?  
The affrighted Sunne, at this abhorred obiect,  
Put on a maske of blood, and yet she blusht not,  
Ioue art thou iust, hast thou reward for pietie?  
and for offence no vengeance? or canst punnish  
Fellons, and pardon Traitors, chastice murderers,  
and winke at parracides? If thou be worthy  
as well we know thou art, to fill the Throane  
Of all eternitie, then with that hand  
That flings the trifalitie thunder, let the pride  
Of these our Irreligious monarkisers  
Be crown'd in blood: this makes poore *Brutus* mad,  
To see sin frolique, and the vertuous sad.

*Enter Sextus and Aruns.*

*Arr.* Soft, heeres *Brutus*, let vs acquaint him with the  
newes.

*Sex.* Content, now Cousen Brutus:

*Brw.* Who I your kinsman? though I be of the blood of  
the *Tarquins*, yet no cousen gentle princes.



## The rape of Luerece.

*Arn.* And why so *Brutus*, scorne you our allyance?

*Brut.* No, I was cousten to the *Tarquins*, when they were subiects, but dare claime no kindred, as they are soueraignes: *Brutus* is not so mad though he be merrie, but hee hath wit enough to keepe his head on his shoulders.

*Arn.* Why doe you my Lord thus loose your houres, and neither professe warre nor domestique profit? the first might beget you loue, the other riches.

*Brut.* Because I would liue: haue I not answered you because I would liue? fooles and Mad-men are no rubes in the way of Vsurpers: the firmament can brook but one Sunne, and for my part I must not shine: I had rather liue an obscure black, then appeare a faire white to be shot at, the end of all is, I would liue: had *Seruius* bin a shrub, the winde had not shooke him, or a mad-man hee had not perisht: I couet no more wit nor imployment then as much as will keepe life and soule together, I would but liue.

*Arn.* You are to satyricall cousten *Brutus*, but to the purpose: the King dreamt a strange ominous dreame last night, and to be resolu'd of the euent, my brother *Sextus* and I must to the Oracle.

*Sext.* And because we would bee well accompaind, wee haue got leaue of the King that you *Brutus* shall associate vs, for our purpose is to make a merrie iourney on't.

*Brut.* So youle carrie me along with you to be your foole, & make you merrie.

*Sext.* Not our foole, but——

*Brut.* To make you merrie: I shall, nay, I will make you merrie, or tickle you till you laugh, the Oracle; ile goe to bee resolu'd some doubts priuate to my selfe: nay Princes, I am so much endeerd both to your loues and companies, that you shall not haue the power to be ridde of mee, what limits haue we for our iourney?

*Sext.* Five daies: no more.

*Brut.* I shal fit me to your preperation, but one thing more, goes *Colatius* along?

*Sext. Col.*



## The rape of Lucrece.

*Sex.* *Collatine* is troubled with the common disease of all new married men, hee's sick of the wife, his excuse is forsooth that *Lucrece* wil not let him goe, but you hauing neither wife nor witto hould you, I hope will not disapoint vs.

*Brut.* Had I both, you should preuaile with me aboue a nother.

*Arms.* We shall expect you.

*Brut.* *Horatius Cocles*, aand *Mutius Scenola* are not engaged in this expedition,

*Arms.* No they attend the King, farwell.

*Brut.* *Lucretius* stayes at home to, and *Valerius*.

*Sext.* The Pallace cannot spare them,

*Brut.* None but we three?

*Sex.* We three.

*Brut.* We three, well five dayes hence.

*Sex.* You haue the time, farwell.

*Exeunt Sextus & Arms*

*Brut.* The time I hope for cannot be conscribde,  
Within so short a limit, Rome and I  
Are not so happy, what's the reason then  
Heauen spares his rod so long? *Mercury* tell me:  
I ha'e: the fruite of pride is yet but Greene,  
Not mellow, though it grows apace, it comes not  
To his full height: how oft delayes his vengeance,  
That when it haps t' may prooue more terrible.  
Dispaire not *Brutus* then but let thy country  
And thee take this last comfort after all,  
Pride when thy fruite is ripe must rot and fall.  
But to the Oracle.

*Exit.*

*Enter Horatius Cocles, Mutius Scenola.*

*Hora.* I would I were no Roman.

*Sceno.* *Cocles* why?

*Hora.* I am discontented & dare not speake my thoughts,

*Sceno.* What, shall I speake them for you?

*Hora.* *Mutius* doe.

*Sceno.*

## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Sceno.* *Tarquin* is proude.

*Hora.* Thou hast them.

*Sceno.* Tiramous.

*Hora.* True.

*Sceno.* Insufferable loscy.

*Hora.* Thou hast hit me.

*Sceno.* And shall I tell thee what I prophesie  
Of his succeeding rule?

*Hora.* Noe Ile doe't for thee, *Tarquin* abilitie will in the  
Beget a weake vnable impotence: (weale,

His strength, make Rome and our dominions weake,

His soaring high make vs to flag our wings,

And fly close by the earth, his golden feathers,,

Are of such Vastnes that they spread like failles,

And so be calme vs that we haue not ayre, (Elements.

Able to raise our plumes, to taste the pleasures of our owne

*Sceno.* We are one harte, our thoughts & our desires are  
sutable.

*Hora.* Since he was King he beares him like a God,

His wife like *Pallas* or the wife of *Ioue*,

Will not be parlied without sacrifice,

And homage sole due to the deities.

*Enter Lucretius.*

*Sceno.* What hast with good *Lucretius*,

*Lucre.* Hast small speede,

I had an earnest sute vnto the King,

About some busines that concernes the weale

Of Rome and vs, twi'l not be listned to,

He has took e vpon him such ambitious state,

That he abandons conference with his Piers,

Or if he chance to heare our tongus so much,

As but to heare their summons he despises,

The intent of all our speeches, our aduises,

And counsell: thinking his owne iudgement only,

To be aprooned in matters military,

And in affaires domesticke we are but shouts,

and fellowes of no partes, viols vnstrung,

Our notes to harsh to strike in princes cares,

Great *Ioue* amend it,

*Hora.*

## The rape of Lucrece.

*Horat.* VVhither will you my Lord?

*Lucr.* No matter where if frō the court, I'll home to *Collatine*,  
And to my daughter *Lucrece*, home breeds safety,  
Dangers begot in Court, a life retired  
Must please me now perforce: then noble *Scenola*,  
And you my deere *Horatius*, farewell both,  
VVhere industrie is scorn'd lets welcome sloth. *Enter Collatine.*

*Horat.* Nay good *Lucretius* do not leaue vs thus,  
See here comes *Collatine*, but wheres *Valerius*?  
How does he taste these times.

*Collat.* Not giddily like *Brutus*, passionately  
Like old *Lucretius* with his teare swoln eies, Not laughing like  
Nor bluntly like *Horatius Cocles* here, (*Mutius Scenola.*)  
He has vsurpt a stranger garbe of humour,  
Distinct from these in natures euery way.

*Lucret.* How is he relisht can his eies forbear,  
In this strange state to shed a passionate teare,  
Can he forbear to laugh with *Scenola*,  
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend.

*Horat.* Nay can his thought shape ought but melancholy  
To see these dangerous passages of state,  
How is he tempered noble *Collatine*?

*Collat.* Strangely, he is all song, hees ditty all,  
Note that, *Valerius* hath giuen vp the Court  
And weand himselfe from the kings consistory  
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh,  
VVhether it be that he is discontent  
Yet would not so appeare before the king  
Or whether in applause of these new Edicts.  
VVhich so distast the people, or what cause,  
I know not, but now hee's all musically  
Vnto the counsell chamber he goes singing,  
And whilst the king his wilfull edicts makes,  
In which nones tongue is powerfull saue the kings.  
Hee's in a corner, relishing strange aires.  
Conclusiuely he's frō a toward hopefull gentleman  
Transeshapt to a meere balletter, none knowing  
VVhen he should proceed this transmutation.

*Enter Valerius.*  
*Horat.*



## The rape of Lucrece.

*Horat.* See where he comes. Morrow *Valerius.*

*Lucret.* Morrow my Lord,  
The first Song.

*Valer.* When Tarquin first in Court began,  
And was approued King:  
Some men for sodden ioy gan weepe,  
And I for sorrow sing.

*Sceul.* Ha, ha, how long has my *Valerius*  
Put on his straine of mirth, or whats the cause?  
The second Song.

*Valer.* Let humor change and spare not,  
Since Tarquins proud I care not:  
His faire words so bewitch my delight,  
That I dote on his sight.  
Now all is gone new desires embracing,  
And my deserts disgracing.

*Horat.* Vpon my life he's either mad or loue-ficke,  
Oh can *Valerius*, but so late a states-man,  
Of whom the publique weale deseru'd so well  
Tune out his age in songs and Cansonets,  
Whose voyce should thunder conusell in the eares  
Of *Tarquin*, and proud *Tullia*? thinke *Valerius*  
What that proud woman *Tullia* is, twill put thee  
Quite out of tune.

The third Song.

*Valer.* Now what is lone I pray thee tell,  
It is the fountaine and the well,  
Where pleasure and repentance dwell,  
It is perhaps the sanfing bell,  
That rings all in to heauen or bell:  
And this is lone, and this is lone, as I beare tell.

Now what is lone I pray you shew,  
A thing that creepes and cannot goe:  
A prius that passeth to and fro,  
A thing for me, a thing for mee,  
And he that proues shall find it so,  
And this is lone, and this is lone, sweet friends *I thinke*.



## *The rape of Lucrece.*

*Lucre.* *Valerius* I shall quickly change thy cheere,  
And make thy passionate eyes lament with mine,  
Thinke how that worthy Prince our kinsman King  
Was butchered in the marble capitoll.  
Shall *Servius Tullius* vnregarded die  
Alone of thee, whome all the Romaine Ladies,  
Euen yet with teare-swolne eyes, and sorrowful soules  
Compassionate, as well he merited;  
To these lamenting dames what canst thou sing?  
Whose greefe through all the Romaine Temples ring.

### *The fourth Song.*

*Valer.* *Lament Ladies lament*  
*Lament the Roman land,*  
*The King is fra thee hent,*  
*Was doughtie on his hand,*  
*Weele gangn to the Kirke,*  
*His dead corpes wele embrace,*  
*And when we see ha dea*  
*We an will cry alas. Fala la lero la*  
*Tararararonn tarre &c.*

*Harat.* This musick mads me, I all mirth dispise.  
*Lucre.* To heare him sing drawes riuers from his eyes.  
*Scenola.* It pleaseth me, for since the Court is harsh,  
And lookes as kaunce on souldiers, lets be merry,  
Court Ladies, sing, drinke, dance, and euery man  
Get him a mistris, coach it in the Country,  
And tast the sweets of it, what thinks *Valerius*,  
Of *Scenolous* last councell?

### *The fift Song.*

*Valer.* *Why since we souldiers cannot prone,*  
*And greefe it is to vs therefore,*  
*Let euery man get him a lone,*  
*To trim her up, and sigh no more.*

*That we may tast of louers blisse,*  
*Be merry and blub, imbrace and kisse,*  
*That Ladies may say, some more of this,*  
*That Ladies may say, some more of this.*

## The rape of Lucrece.

*Horat.* See where he comes. Morrow *Valerius*.

*Lucret.* Morrow my Lord,

The first Song.

*Valer.* When Tarquin first in Court began,  
And was approued King:  
Some men for sodden ioy gan weepe,  
And I for sorrow sing.

*Sceul.* Ha, ha, how long has my *Valerius*  
Put on his straine of mirth, or whats the cause?

The second Song.

*Valer.* Let humor change and spare not,  
Since Tarquins proud I care not:  
His faire words so bewitch my delight,  
That I dote on his sight.  
Now all is gone new desires embracing,  
And my deserts disgracing.

*Horat.* Vpon my life he's either mad or loue-sicke,  
Oh can *Valerius*, but so late a states-man,  
Of whom the publique weale deseru'd so well  
Tune out his age in songs and Cansonets,  
Whose voyce should thunder conusell in the eares  
Of Tarquin, and proud *Tullia*? thinke *Valerius*  
What that proud woman *Tullia* is, twill put thee  
Quite out of tune.

The third Song.

*Valer.* Now what is lone I pray thee tell,  
It is the fountaine and the well,  
Where pleasure and repentance dwell,  
It is perhaps the samsing bell,  
That rings all in to heauen or hell:  
And this is lone, and this is lone, as I beare tell.

Now what is lone I pray you shew,  
A thing that creepes and cannot goe:  
A priſe that passeth to and fro,  
A thing for me, a thing for mee,  
And he that proues shall find it so,  
And this is lone, and this is lone, sweet friends I trow.

## *The rape of Lucrece.*

*Lucre.* *Valerius* I shall quickly change thy cheere,  
And make thy passionate eyes lament with mine,  
Thinke how that worthy Prince our kinsman King  
Was butchered in the marble capitoll.  
Shall *Servius Tullius* vnregarded die  
Alone of thee, whome all the Romaine Ladies,  
Euen yet with teare-swolne eyes, and sorrowful soules  
Compassionate, as well he merited;  
To these lamenting dames what canst thou sing?  
Whose greefe through all the Romaine Temples ring.

### *The fourth Song.*

*Valer.* *Lament Ladies lament*  
*Lament the Roman land,*  
*The King is fra thee hent,*  
*Was doughtie on his hand,*  
*Weele gangn to the Kirke,*  
*His dead corpes wele embrace,*  
*And when we see ha deau*  
*We an will cry alas. Fala la lero la*  
*Tarararouuntarre &c.*

*Harat.* This musick mads me, I all mirth dispise.  
*Lucre.* To heare him sing drawes riuers from his eyes.  
*Scenola.* It pleaseth me, for since the Court is harsh,  
And lookes as kaunce on souldiers, lets be merry,  
Court Ladies, sing, drinke, dance, and euery man  
Get him a mistris, coach it in the Country,  
And tast the sweets of it, what thinks *Valerius*,  
Of *Scenolons* last counsell?

### *The fift Song.*

*Valer.* *Why since we souldiers cannot proue,*  
*And greefe it is to vs therefore,*  
*Let euery man get him a loue,*  
*To trim her up, and figh: no more.*  
*That we may tast of louers blisse,*  
*Be merry and blith, imbrace and kisse,*  
*That Ladies may say, some more of this,*  
*That Ladies may say, some more of this.*



## The rape of Lucrece.

Since Court and Country both grow proud,  
And safety you delight to heare,  
Wee in the Country will vs shroud,  
Vvhere liues to please bot h eye and eare :

The Nightingale sings Ing, Ing, Ing,  
The little Lambe leaps after his dug,  
And the pretty milke-maids they looke so smug,  
And the pretty milke-maids, &c.

Come *Scenola*, shall we goe and beidle?

*Lucr.* Ile into weep.

*Horat.* But I my gall to grate.

*Sceno.* Ile laugh at time, till it will change our Fate.

*Exeunt they. Manet Collatine.*

*Colat.* Thou art not what thou seem'st, Lord *Scenola*,  
Thy heart mournes in thee, though thy visage smile,  
And so doe's thy soule weep, *Valerius*,  
Although thy habit sing, for these new humors  
Are but put on for safety, and to arme them  
Against the pride of *Tarquin*, from whose danger,  
None great in loue, in counsell or opinion  
Can be kept safe: this makes me lose my houres  
At home with *Lucrece*, and abandon court.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clowne.* Fortune I embrace thee, that thou hast assisted me in  
finding my master, the Gods of good Rome keepe my Lord and  
master out of all bad company.

*Collat.* Sirra the newes with you.

*Clow.* Would you ha Court newes, Campe newes, City newes  
or Country newes, or would you know whats the newes at  
home?

*Collat.* Let me know all the newes.

*Clown.* The newes at Court is, that a small legge and a filke  
stockin are in fashion for your Lord: And the water that god  
*Mercury* makes is in request with your Ladie. The heauinesse  
of the kings wine makes many a light head, and the emptines of  
his dishes manie full bellies, eating & drinking was neuer more  
in

## *The rape of Lucrece.*

in vse; you shall find the baddest legs in bootes, and the worst faces in maskes. They keep their old stomakes still, the kings good Cook hath the most wrong: for that which was wont to be priuate only to him, is now vsurpt among all the other officers: for now euery man in his place to the preiudice of the master Cooke, makes bold to licke his owne fingers.

*Col.* The newes in the Campe.

*Clo.* The greatest newes in the camp is, that there is no newes at all, for being no camp at all, how can there be any tidings from it?

*Col.* Then for the city?

*Clo.* The Senators are rich, their wiues faire, credit growes cheap and trafficke deare, for you ha many that are broke, the poorest man that is, may take vp what he will, so he will be but bound to a post, till he pay the debt: There was one Courtier, lay with twelue mens wiues in the suburbs, and pressing further to make one more cuckold within the walles, and being taken with the maner, had nothing to say for himselfe, but this, he that made twelue made thirteene.

*Col.* Now Sir for the Country.

*Clo.* There is no newes there but at the Ale-house, ther's the most receit, and is it not strange my Lord, that so many men lothe ale that know not what ale is.

*Col.* Why, what is ale?

*Clo.* Why ale is a kind of iuice, made of the pretious grain called Malt: & what is Malt? Malt's M A L T. and what is M A L T M much, A ale, L little, T thrift, all is, much ale's, little thrift.

*Col.* Onely the newes at home, and I haue done.

*Clo.* My lady must needes speake with you about earnest busines, that concernes her neerly, and I was sent in all hast to entreat your Lordship to come away,

*Col.* And couldest thou not haue told me *Lucrece* stay,  
And I stand trifling here fellow away.

*Clo.* I Mary sir, the way into her were a way worth following, and thats the reason that so many seruing-men that are familiar with their mistresses, haue lost the name of Seruitors,  
and

## The rape of Lucrece.

and are now called their Maisters followers. Rest you merry.  
*Sound Musicke.*

*Apolloes Priests with Tapers, after them, Aruns, Sextus, and  
Brutus with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle.*

*Priest.* O thou sacred God enspire  
The Priests, and with celestiall fire  
Shot from thy beames, crowne our desire,  
That we may follow.

In these thy true and hallowde measures,  
The vtmost of thy heauenly treasures  
According to the thoughts and pleasures  
Of great *Apollo.*

Our hearts with inflammations burne  
Great *Tarquin* and his people mourne  
Till from thy Temple we returne  
With some glad tidings.

Then tell vs, shall great Rome be blest  
And roiall *Tarquin* liue in rest,  
That giues his high Ennobled best  
To thy safe guiding?

*Oracle.* Then Rome her ancient honours wins  
When she is purgd from *Tullius* sins.

*Brutus.* Gramercies *Phæbus* for these spellles,  
*Phæbus* alone alone excelles.

*Sextus.* *Tullia* perhaps find in our granfiers death  
And hath not yet by reconcilment made  
Attone with *Phæbus*, at whose shrine we kneele.  
Yet gentle Priest let vs thus farre preuaile,  
To know if *Tarquins* seed shall gouerne Rome  
And by succession claime the Roiall wrath.  
Behold me yonger of the *Tarquins* Race  
This elder *Aruns* both the sons of *Tullia.*  
This *Iunius Brutus* though a mad-man yet,  
Of the high bloud of *Tarquins.*

*Priest.* *Sextus* peace. Tell vs O thou that shin'st so bright  
From whom the world receiues his light,  
VVhose absence is perpetuall night,  
whose praises ring.



## The rape of Lucrece.

Is it with heauens applause decreed,  
VVhen *Tarquins* soule from earth is freed  
That noble *Sextus* shall succeed  
In Rome as king.

*Brut.* I Oracle hast thou lost thy tongue?

*Arun.* Tempt him againe faire Priest.

*Sext.* If not as king, let Delphian *Phæbus* yet  
Thus much resolue me who shall gouerne Rome,  
Or of vs three, beare greatest preheminance.

*Priest.* *Sextus* I will, yet sacred *Phæbus* we entreat,  
VVhich of these three shall be great  
Which largest power and state repleat  
by the heauens doome.

*Phæbus* thy thoughts no longer smother.

*Oracle.* He that first shall kisse his mother  
Shall be powerfull and no other  
Of you three in Rome.

*Sext.* Shall kisse his mother.

*Brutus* falls.

*Brut.* Mother earth to thee an humble kisse I tender.

*Arun.* VVhat meanes *Brutus*?

*Brut.* The blood of the slaughtred sacrifice made this flore as  
slippery as the place where *Tarquin* treads, tis glassy and as  
smoth as yce: I was proud to heare the Oracle so gracious to the  
blood of the *Tarquins* and so I fell.

*Sext.* Nothing but so, then to the Oracle.  
I charge thee *Aruns*, *Iunius Brutus* thee,  
To keep the sacred doome of the Oracle  
From all our traine, lest when the yonger lad  
Our brother now at home sits dandled  
Vpon faire *Tullias* lap, this vnderstanding  
May kisse our beauteous Mother and succeed.

*Arun.* Let the charge go round,  
It shall go hard but Ile preuent you *Sextus*.

*Sext.* I feare not the madman *Brutus*, & for *Aruns* let me alone  
to buckle with him, Ile bee the first at my mothers lips for a  
kingdome.

*Brut.* If the mad-man had not beene before you *Sextus*, if O-  
racles be Oracles, their phraeses are mysticall, they speake still in  
cloude

## *The rape of Lucrece:*

cloudes: had he meant a naturall mother he would ha spoke it by circumference.

*Sext.* *Tullia*, if euer thy lips were pleasing to me, let it be at my returne from the Oracle.

*Aruns.* If a kisse will make me a king, *Tullia* I will spring to thee, though through the bloud of *Sextus*.

*Brut.* Earth I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept me as thy sonne, and I shall shine as bright in Rome as *Apollo* himselfe in his temple at *Delphos*.

*Sextus.* Our superstitions ended, sacred Priest,  
Since we haue had free answer from the Gods,  
To whose faire altars we ha done due right  
And hallowed them with presents acceptable,  
Lets now returne, treading these holy measures,  
VVith which we entred great *Apolloes* temple.  
Now *Phœbus* let thy sweet tun'd organs sound,  
VVhose spherelike musicke must direct our feet  
Vpon the marble pauement: after this  
VVeele gaine a kingdome by a mothers kisse.

*Exeunt.*

*Sennat.*

*A table and Chaires prepared; Tarquin, Tullia, and Collatino,  
Scaiola, Horatius, Lucretius, Valerius, Lords.*

*Tarquin.* Attend vs with your persons, but your eares  
Be deafe vnto our counsels.

*The Lords fall off on either  
side and attend.*

*Tullia.* Further yet.

*Tarqn.* Now *Tullia* what must be concluded next?

*Tullia.* The kingdome you haue got by policy  
You must maintaine by pride.

*Tarq.* Good *Tullia*,

*Tullia.* Those that were late of the Kings faction  
Cut off for feare they proue rebellious.

*Tarq.* Better.

*Tullia.* Since you gaine nothing by the popular loue,  
Maintaine by feare your pryncedome.

*Tarq.* Excellent, thou art our Oracle, and saue from thee  
VVe will admit no counsell, we obtaind  
Our state by cunning, t'must be kept by strength.  
And such as cannot loue, weele teach to feare,

## *The rape of Lucrece.*

To encourage which vpon a better iudgement,  
And to strike greater terror to the world.  
I ha forbid thy fathers funerall.

*Tul.* No matter.

*Tarq.* All capitall causes are by vs discust,  
Trauerst and executed without counsell.  
We challenge too by our prerogative,  
The goods of such as strue against our state,  
The freest citizens without attainr,  
Arraigne or iudgment we to exile doome,  
The poorer are our drudges, rich our pray,  
And such as dare not strue our rul obey.

*Tul.* Kings are as Gods, and diuine scepters beare,  
The Gods command for mortall tribute feare.  
But royall Lord, we that despise thir loue,  
Must seeke some meanes how to maintaine this awe

*Tarq.* By forrenie leagues, & by our strength abroad,  
Shall we that are degreed about our people,  
Whom heauen hath made our vassals reigne with them?  
No kings about the rest tribunald hie  
Should with no meaner, then with kings ally:

For this we to *Mamilius Tusculan*  
The Latine King ha giuen in mariage  
Our royall daughter: now his peoples ours,  
The neighbour princes are subdude by armes:  
And whom we could not conquer by constraint  
Them ha we sought to winne by courtesie,  
Kings that are proud, yet would secure their owne,  
By loue abroad, shall purchase feare at home.

*Tullia.* We are secure, then yet our greatest strength  
Is in our children: how dare treason looke?  
Vs in the face, hauing issue, barren princes  
Breed danger in their singularity  
Hauing none to succeed, their clame dies with them:  
But when in topping on three *Tarquins* more,  
Like *Hydraes* heads grow to reuenge his death,  
It terrifies blacke treason.

*Tarq.* *Tullia's* wife, and apprehensiu, were our princely sons.



## The rape of Lucrece.

*Sextus* and *Arms* back returned safe,  
With an applausive answer of the Gods,  
From th'oracle, our state were able then,  
Being Gods our selues, to scorne the hate of men.

*Enter Sextus, Arms and Brutus.*

*Sext.* Wher's *Tullia*?

*Arms.* Where's our mother?

*Hor.* Yonder princes at Counsell with the king.

*Tul.* Our sons return'd.

*Sext.* Roiall mother.

*Arms.* Renowned Queene.

*Sext.* I loue her best, therefore will *Sextus* do his duty first.

*Arms.* Being eldest in my birth i'll not be yongest  
In zeale to *Tullia*.

*Brut.* Too't lads.

*Arms.* Mother a kisse.

*Sext.* Though last in birth, let me be first in loue.  
A kisse faire mother.

*Arms.* Shall I lose my right?

*Sext.* *Arms* Shal downe were *Arms* twice my brother  
If he presume fore me to kisse my mother.

*Ar.* I *Sextus*, thinke this kisse to be a crowne, thus wold we tug

*Sext.* *Arms* thou must downe. (fort.

*Tarq.* Restraine them Lords.

*Br.* Nay to't boies, 'tis braue, they tug for shadowes, I the substance haue.

*Arms.* Through armed gates, and thousand swords il'e breake  
To shew my duty let my valour speake.

*Breakes from the Lords and kisses her.*

*Sext.* Oh heauens ye haue dissolu'd me.

*Arms.* Here I stand, what I ha done to answer with this hand.

*Sext.* Oh all you *Delphian* Gods looke downe and see,  
How for these wrongs I will reuenged be.

*Tarq.* Curb in the proud boyes fury: let vs know  
From whence this discord riseth.

*Tul.* From our loue, how happy are we in our issue now,  
When as our sons! euen with their blouds cõtend,  
To exceed in duty we accept your zeale,

This

## The rape of Lucrece.

This your superlatiue degree of kindnes  
So much preuailes with vs, that to the king  
We engage our owne deere loue twixt his incensement,  
And your presumption, you are pardond both.  
And *Sextus* though you faild in your first proffer,  
We do not yet esteeme you least in loue, ascend & touch our lips

*Sext.* Thanke you, no.

*Tul.* Then to thy knee we will descend thus low,

*Sex.* Nay now it shall not need: how great's my heart!

*Ar.* In *Tarquins* crowne thou hast now lost thy part.

*Sex.* No kissing now *Tarquin*, great Queene adiew:

*Arms* On earth we ha no foe but you.

*Exit.*

*Targ.* What meanes this their vnnaturall enmity?

*Tul.* hate borne from loue.

*Targ.* Resolue vs then, how did the Gods accept  
Or sacrifice, how are they pleasd with vs.  
How long will they applaud our soueraignty?

*Brut.* Shall I tell the king.

*Targ.* Do Cosen, with the processe of your iorny.

*Brut.* I will. We went from hither, when we went from hēe  
arriued thither when we landed there, made an end of our prai-  
ers when we had done our Orisons, when thus quoth *Phæbus*,  
*Tarquin* shall be happy whilest he is blest, gouerne while he  
raignes, wake when he sleeps not, sleepe when he wakes not,  
quasse when he drinckes, eate when he feedes, gape when his  
mouth opens, liue till he die, and die when he can liue no lon-  
ger. So *Phæbus* commends him to you.

*Targ.* Mad *Brutus* still, Son *Arms* What say you.

*Arms.* That the great Gods to whom the potent king  
Of this large Empire, sacrific'd by vs.

Applaud your raigne, commend your soueraignty:

And by a generall Synode grant to *Tarquin*,

Long daies, faire hopes, Maiestique gouernment.

*Brut.* Adding withall, that to depose the late king, which in  
others, had bin arch treason, in *Tarquin* was honour: what in  
*Brutus* had beene vsurpation, in *Tarquin* was lawful succession;  
and for *Tullia*, though it be particide for a child to kil her father,  
in *Tullia* it was charitie by death.

## The rape of Lucrece.

To rid him of all his calamities, *Phæbus* himselefe, said she, was a good child, and shall not I say as he saies, to tread vpon her fathers skull, sparkle his braines vpon her chariot wheele, And weare the sacred tincture of his blond Vpon the seruile shoe? but more then this, Atter his death deny him the due claime Of all mortality, a funerall, An earthen sepulcher: this this, quoth the Oracle, Saue *Tullia* none would doe.

*Tul. Brutus* no more, lest with our surpast eies of wrath & fury We looke into the humour; were not madnes And folly to thy words a priuilege Euen in thy last reproofe of our proceedings Thou hadst pronounc't thy death.

*Brut.* If *Tullia* will send *Brutus* abroad for newes, and after at his returne not endure the telling of it; let *Tullia* either get closer cares, or get for *Brutus* a stricter tongue. God boye. *Exit.*

*Tarq.* Alas tis madnes, pardon him, not spleene, Nor is it hate, but frensie, we are pleasde To heare the Gods propitious at our prayers. But whithers *Sextus* gone? resolute vs *Cecles*, We saw thee in his parting follow him.

*Hor.* I heard him say, he would straight take his horse Vnto the warlike *Gabinus* enemies.

*Tarq.* To Rome and you saue them we haue no opposites, And dares the boy, confederate with our foes? Attend vs Lords, we must new battels wage, And with bright armes confront the proud boyes rage. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, Scenola.*

*Hor.* Had I as many soules as drops of bloud In this brancht vaines, as many liues as starres Stucke in yond azare roose, and were to dy More deaths then I see wasted weary minutes To grow to this, Ide hazard all, and more, To purchase freedome to this bondag'd Rome. *(fight.*

*Luc.* Oh would my teares would rid great Rome of these prodigious feares.

*Brut.*



# The rape of Lucrece.

Enter Brutus.

*Brut.* What weeping ripe *Lucretius*? possible now Lords, Ladies, friends, fellows, yong madcap, gallants & old courtly ruffins, all subiects vnder one tirāny, & therefore shold be partners of one & the same vnanimity. Shall we go single our selues by two & two, & go talke treason then tis but his yea, and my nay, if we be cal d to question: Or shals go vse some violent bustling to breake through this thorny seruitude, or shall we every man go sit like a man in desperation, and with *Lucretius* weep at Romes misery: now am I for all things, any thing or nothing, I can laugh with *Scenola*, weep with this good old man, sing *oh home* with *Valerius*, fret with *Horatius Cocles*, be mad like my selfe, neutriz with *Collatinus*. Say what shal's do?

*Hor.* fret. *Val.* Sing. *Luc.* Weepe. *Scen.* Laugh. (still sad.

*Brut.* Rather lets all be mad that *Tarquin* stil raigneth, Romes

*Col.* You are madmen all that y eeld so much topassion.

You lay your selues too open to your enemies,

That would be glad to prie into your deedes.

And catch aduantage to ensnare our liues.

The kings feare like a shadow dogs you still,

Nor can you walke without it: I commend

*Valerius* most, and noble *Scenola*

That what they cannot mend, seeme not to mind,

By my consent lets all weare out our houres

In harmles sports, hauke, hunt, game, sing, drinke

So shall we seeme offenseles & liue safe. (daunce

In dangers bloody iawes where being humerous

Cloudy and curiously inquisitiue.

Into the kings proceedings there arnde feare

May search into vs, call our deedes to question,

And so preuent all future expectation:

Of wisht amendment let vs stay the time,

Till heauen haue made them ripe for iust reuenge,

When opportunitie is offred vs.

And then strike home, till then do what you please:

No discontented thought my mind shall cease.

*Brut.* I am of *Collatinus* minde. Now *Valerius* sing vs a bandy  
and makes merry, nay it shall be so.

(song.  
*Valer.*

## The rape of Lucrece:

*Valer.* Brutus shall pardon me.

*Scen.* The time that should haue been seriously spent in the State-house, I haue learnt securely to spend in a wenching-house, and now I professe my selfe any thing but a States-man.

*Hor.* the more thy vanity. *Luc.* The lesse thy honour.

*Valer.* The more his safety, and the lesse his feare.

*Brut.* We haue beene mad Lords long, now let vs be merry Lords, *Horatius* maugree thy melancholy, and *Lucretius* in spite of thy sorrow, Ile haue a song a subiect for the ditty.

*Hor.* Great *Tarquins* pride, and *Tulliaes* cruelty.

*Brut.* Dangerous, no.

*Lucr.* The tyrannies of the Court, & the yassalage of the City.

*Scen.* Neither shall I giue the subiect. (Rome.)

*Br.* Do, & let it be of all the pretty wenches in the Suburbs of

*Scen.* It shall, it shall, shall it *Valerius*? (conuerfance.)

*Val.* Any thing, according to my poore acquaintance, & little

*Brut.* Nay you shall stay *Horatius*, *Lucretius* so shall you, he remoues himselfe from the loue of *Brutus*, that shrinkes from my side til we haue had a song of all the pretty suburbians: sit round, when *Valerius*?

### The fixt Song.

*Valer.* Shall I woe the lonely Molly,

Shes so faire, so fat, so iolly,

But she has a trick of folly,

Therefore ile haue none of Molly. No no no, no no no.

Ile haue none of Molly no no no.

Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,

They are red and soft as ielly,

But too well she lones her belly,

Therefore ile haue none of Nelly. No no &c.

What say you to bonny Betty,

Hayou seene a lasse so pretty?

But her body is so swetty,

Therefore ile haue none of Bety. No no no, &c.

When I dolly wish my Dolly,

She is full of melancholly,

Oh that wench is pestilent holy,

## The rape of Lucrece.

Therefore ile haue none of Dolly. No no no, &c.  
 I could fancie lonely Nanny,  
 But she has the lones of many,  
 Yet her selfe she lowes not any,  
 Therefore ile haue none of Nanny, No no no, &c.  
 In a flax-shop I spide Ratchel,  
 Where she her flax and tow did hatchel,  
 But her cheekes hang like a satchell.  
 Therefore ile haue none of Ratchel. No no no, &c.  
 In a corner I met Biddy,  
 Her beeles were light her head was giddy,  
 She fell downe and somewhat did I,  
 Therefore ile haue none of Biddy. No no no, &c.

*Brut.* The rest weele heare within: what offence is there in this *Lucretius*, what hurt's in this *Horatius*? Is it not better to sing with our heads on then weepe with our heads off, I nere tooke *Collatine* for a politician till now. Come *Valerius*, weele run ouer all the wenches of Rome, euen from the community of lasciuious *Flora* to the chastity of diuine *Lucrece*, come good *Horat.*  
*Exeunt.* *Enter Lucrece, Maid and Clowne.*

*Lucr.* A Chaire.

*Clo.* A chaire for my Lady, M<sup>r</sup>. *Mirable* do you not heare my

*Lucr.* Come neere sir, be lesse officious. M<sup>r</sup> call.

In duty, and vse more attention,

Nay gentlewoman we exempt not you  
 From our discourse, but you must afford an eare  
 As well as he, to what we ha to say.

*Maid.* I still remaine your handmaid.

*Lucr.* Sirra I ha seene you oft familiar  
 With this my Maid and waiting gentlewoman.  
 As casting amorous glances, wanton lookes,  
 And pretty beekes, fauouring incontinence.  
 I let you know you are not for my seruice  
 Vnlesse you grow more ciuill.

*Clo.* Indeed madam for my owne part I wish M<sup>r</sup>. *Mirable* wel  
 as one fellow seruāt ought to wish to another, but to say that e-  
 uer I stong any sheepes eies in her face, how say you mistresse  
*Mirable* did I euer offer it?

Nay



## The rape of Lucrece.

*Lucr.* Nay mistres I ha seene you answere him  
With gracious lookes and some vnciuill smiles,  
Retorting eies, and giuing his demeanure  
Such welcome as becomes not modesty.  
Know henceforth there shall no lasciuious phrase,  
Suspitious looke or shadow of incontinence  
Be entertaind by any that attend on Romane *Lucrece*.

*Maid.* Madam I.

*Lucr.* Excuse it not for my premeditable thought  
Speakes nothing out of rashnes, nor vaine heare say.  
But what my owne experience testifies:  
Against you both let then this mild reproofe  
Forewarne you of the like, my reputation  
Which is held pretious in the eies of Rome,  
Shall be no shelter to the least intent  
Of loosenes, leaue all familiariry :  
And quite renounce acquaintance, or I here discharge you both  
my seruice.

*Clown.* For my owne part madam, as I am a true Romane  
by nature, though no Romane by my nose, I neuer spent the  
least lip labour on mistris *Mirable* neuer so much as glaunc'd,  
neuer vs'd any winking or pinking, neuer nodded at her, no not  
so much as when I was asleepe neuer askt her the questiō so much  
as whars her name, if you can bring any man womā or child, that  
can say so much behind my backe; As for he did but kisse her, for  
he did but kisse her and so let her go, let my Lord *Collatine* in  
stead of plucking my coat, pluck my skin ouer my eares & turne  
me away naked, that wheresoeuer I shall come I may be held a  
raw seruingman hereafter.

*Lucr.* Sirra you know our minde.

*Clow.* If euer I knew what bolongs to these cases, or yet know  
what they meane, if euer I vs'd any plaine dealing, or were euer  
worth such a iewell, would I might die a begger, if euer I were  
so far read in my grammar, as to know what an Interiection is,  
or a coniunction copulatiue, would I might neuer haue good of  
my *quisquaquod*: why do you thinke madam, I haue no more  
care of my selfe being but a stripling then to go to it at these  
yeares, flesh and bloud cannot endure it, I shall euen spoile  
one

## The rape of Lucrece.

one of the best faces in *Rome* with crying at your vnkindnes,

*Lucre.* I ha done, see if you can spy your Lord rerurning from the Court, and giue me notice what strangers he brings home with him.

*Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius, Scenola.*

*Clowne.* Yes Ile go, but see kind man he saues me a labour.

*Collatine.* Faire *Lucrece*, I ha brought these Lords from Court To feast with thee, firra prepare vs dinner.

*Lucrece.* My Lord is welcom, so are all his friends, the newes at Court Lords? ( *Rome*

*Hor.* Madam strange newes: Prince *Sextus* by the enemies of Was nobly vsde and made their Generall, Twice hath he met his father in the field, And foild him by the warlick *Gabines* aid: But how hath he rewarded that braue Nation, That in his great disgrace supported him? Ile tell you Madam, he since the last battell Sent to his father a close messenger To be receiu'd to grace, withall demanding What he should doe with those his enemies: Great *Tarquin* from his son receiues this newes, Being walking in his Garden, when the messenger Importunde him for answere, the proud king Lops with his wand the heads of poppies off, And saies no more, with this vncertain answere The messenger to *Sextus* back returnes. who questions of his fathers words, lookes, gesture, He tels him what the hawty speechles King Did to the heads of poppies, which bold *Sextus* Straight apprehends, cuts off the great mens heads, And hauing left the *Gabines* without Gouvernors, Flies to his father, and this day is welcom'd For this his trayterous seruice, by the King Withall due solemne honours to the Court.

*Sceno.* Curtesie strangely requited, this none but the sonne of *Tarquin* would euer haue enterpris'de.

*Val.* I like it, I applaud it, this will come to somewhat in the end, when heauen has cast vp his account, some of them will be cald to a hard reckoning.

## The rape of Lucrece.

Colla. Leauē all to heauen.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. My Lords, the best plumporedge in all Rome cooles for your honors dinner is piping hot vpo the table:& if you make not the more hast, you are like to haue but cold cheare, the cook hath done his part,& ther's not a dish vpo the dresser but he has made smoake for you, if you haue good stomackes, and come not in while the meat is hot, you'le make hunger and cold meet together.

Col. My man's a Rhetorician I can tell you,  
And this conceit is fluent. Enter Lords,  
You must be Lucrece guests, and she is scant  
In nothing: for such princes must not want. *Exeunt*

*Manet Valerius & Clowne.*

Clow. My Lord Valerius, I haue euen a suit to your honour, I ha not the power to part from you, without a relish, a note, a tone, we must get an aire betwixt vs.

Valer. Thy meaning.

Clow. Nothing but this, *John for the king, has bin in many ballads,  
John for the king downe dino, John for the king, has eaten many sallads  
John for the king sings hey ho.*

Valer. Thou wouldst haue a song, wouldst thou not?

Clow. And be euerlastingly bound to your honour, I am now forsaking the world and the Diuill, and somewhat leaning towards the flesh, if you could but teach me how to chooise a wench fit for my stature and complection, I should rest yours in all good offices.

Valer. Ile do that for thee, what's thy name?

Clow. My name fir is Pompeie.

Valer. Well then attend,

*He sings.*

The seuenth song.

Pompie. *I will shew thee the waie to know*

*A daintie dapper wench*

*First see her all bare, let her skin be rare,*

*And be toucht with no part of the french:*

*Let her eie be cleare, and her brow sentre,*

*Her eie-browes thin and fine:*

*But*



## *Therapeof Lucrece.*

*But if she be a punke, and lone to be drunke,  
Then keep her still from the wine.  
Let her stature be mean, & her body cleane  
Thou canst not choose but like her,  
But see she ha good clothes, with a faire Romans nose,  
For thass the signe of a striker.  
Let her legs be small, but not vñ d to sprall,  
Her tongue not too lowd nor cocket,  
Let her armes be strong and her fingers long.  
But not vñ d to aine in a pocket.  
Let her body be long and her backe be strong,  
With a soft lip that entangles,  
With an inory brest, and her haire well droff  
Withont gold lace or spangles.  
Let her feet be small, cleane legd withall,  
Her apparell not too gaudy:  
And one that bath not bin, in no house of sin,  
Nor place that bath beene bandy.*

*Cl.* But gods me I am trifling heere with thee, & dinner cooles  
o'th table, & I am cald to my attendance, oh my sweet Lord *Valerius*.  
*Exeunt.* *Sennat.*

*Enter Tarquin, Porfenna, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns.*

*Tarquin*, Next king *Porfenna*, whom we tender deerely,  
Welcome yong *Sextus*, thou hast to our yoake,  
Suppress the necke of a proud nation  
The warlike *Gauines*, enemies to Rome.

*Sextus*. It was my duty royall Emperour,  
The duty of a subiect and a son.

We at our mothers intercession likewise,  
Are now aton'd with *Aruns*, whō we here receiue into our bosom

*Tul.* This is done like a kind brother and a naturall son.

*Ar.* VVe enterchange a royall heart with *Sextus* & graft vs  
in your loue.

*Targ.* Now king *Porfenna*, welcome once more, to *Tarquin* and  
to Rome.

*Por.* VVe are proud of your aliance, and Rome is ours,

## The rape of Lucrece.

And we are *Romes*, this our religious league,  
Shall be caru'd firme in characters of brasle,  
And live for euer to succeeding times.

*Tar.* It shall *Porfenna*, now this leagues establisht,  
We will proceede in our determinde warres  
To bring the neighbor Nations vnder vs.  
Our purpose is to make young *Sextus* Generall  
Of all our army, who hath prou'd his fortunes  
And found them full of fauour, wee le begin  
With strong *Ardea*, ha you giuen in charge  
To assemble all our Captaines, & take muster of our strōg army?

*Aruns.* That busines is dispatcht.

*Sextus.* Wee ha likewise sent for all our best commanders to  
According to their merit, Lord *Valerius*, (take charge  
Lord *Brutius*, *Cocles*, *Mutius*, *Scenola*,  
And *Collatine* to make due preparation of such a gallant siege.

*Tarq.* This day you shall set forward, *Sextus* go,  
And let vs see your army march along  
Before this King and vs, that we may view  
The puissance of our host prepar'd already,  
To lay high reard *Ardea* waste and lowe.

*Sex.* I shall my liege.

*Tal.* *Aruns* associate him.

*Ar.* Ariuall with my brother in his honors.

*Exeunt Aruns & Sextus.*

*Tar.* *Porfenna* shall behold the strength of *Rome*,  
And bodie of the Camp vnder the charge  
Of two braue Princes to lay hostile siege  
Against the strongest citie that withstands  
The all commanding *Tarquin*.

*Porfen.* Tis an obiekt, to please *Porfennas* Eie.

*Soft March.*

*Lucret.* The host is now vpon his march,  
You from this place may see,  
The pride of all the Romain chiuallry.

*Sextus, Aruns, Brutius, Collatine, Valerius, Scenola, Cocles,*  
with soldiers drum and colours, march ouer the stage, and  
singes to the King and Queene.

*Porfen.*

## *The rape of Lucrece.*

*Porſen.* This fight's more pleaſing to *Porſennas* ey,  
Then all our rich *Attalia* pompous feaſts,  
Or ſumptuous Reuels, we are borne a ſoldier:  
And in our *mannage* ſuckt the milke of warre.  
Should any ſtrange fate lowre vpon this army,  
Or that the *merciles* gulfe of confuſion  
Should ſwallow them, we at our proper charge,  
And from our natiue confines vow ſupply  
Of men and Armes to make theſe numbers full.

*Tar.* You are our Royall brother, and in you  
*Tarquin* is powerfull and maintaines his awe.

*Tul.* The like *Porſenna* may command of *Rome*.

*Porſen.* But we haue in your freſh varieties  
Feaſted too much, and kept our ſelfe too long  
From our ſtone ſeate, our prosperous returne  
Hath bin expected by our Lords and Pieres.

*Tar.* The buſines of our warres thus forwarded,  
We ha beſt leiſure for our entertainment,  
Which now ſhall want no due ſolemnitie.

*Porſen.* It hath bin beyond both expectation  
And merit, but in ſight of heauen I ſwear  
If euer royall *Tarquin* ſhall demand  
Uſe of our loue, tis ready ſtor'd for you,  
Euen in our Kingly breaſt.

*Tar.* The like we vow, to King *Porſenna*, we wil yet a little  
Enlarge your royall welcome with Rarieties,  
Such as *Rome* yeelds: that done before we part  
Of two remote dominions make one heart.  
Set forward then, our ſons wage warre abroad,  
To make vs peace at home, we are of our ſelfe  
Without ſupportance, we all fate defy,  
Aidleſſe, and of our ſelfe we ſtand thus hy.

*Exeunt.*

*Two ſoldiers meete as in the watch.*

1 *Sol.* Stand, who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A friend.

1 Stir not, for if thou doſt Ile broch thee ſtraight  
vpon the pike, The word.



## *The rape of Lucrece:*

2. *Soul. Porfenna.*

1. *Sol.* Passe, stay, who walkes the round to night,  
The Generall, or any of his Captaines?

2. *Sol. Horatius* hath the charge, the other Chieftens  
Rest in the Generals tent, theres no commander  
Of any note but reuell with the Prince:  
And I among the rest am chargd to attend  
Vpon their Rouse.

1. *Sol.* Passe freely, I this night must stand,  
Twixt them and danger, the time of night.

2. *Sol.* The clocke last told eleuen.

1. *Sol.* The powers celestially, that ha tooke Rome in charge  
protect it still.

Againe good night, thus must poore Souldiers do,  
Whilest their commanders are with dainties fed,  
They sleep on Downe, the earth must be our bed.

*Sennet.*

*A banquet prepared.*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Scenola, Collatine.*

*Sext.* Sit round the enemy is pounded fast  
In their owne folds, the wals made to oppugne,  
Hostile incursions become a prison  
To keep them fast for execution;  
Ther's no eruption to be feard.

*Brut.* What shals do? come a health to the Generals health, &  
*Valerius* that sits the most ciuilly shall begin it, I cannot talke till  
my blood be mingled with this blood of grapes: Fill, for *Valerius*  
thou shouldst drinke well, for thou hast been in the Ger-  
man warres, if thou loust me drinke vpsse freeze.

*Sext.* Nay since *Brutus* has spoke the word, the first health shal  
be impos'd on you *Valerius*, and if euer you haue bin germanif'd  
let it be after the Dutch fashion.

*Valer.* The Generall may command.

*Brut.* He may, why else is he cald the Commander?

*Sext.* We will intreat *Valerius*.

*Val.* Since you wil needes enforce a hie-German health, looke  
well to your heads, for I come vpon you with this dutch Tassa-  
ker, if you were of a more noble science then you are, it will go  
neere to breake your heads round.

The

# The rape of Lucrece.

The eight a Dutch song.

O Morke giff men eine man, }  
Skerry merry vip,  
O morke giff men eine man  
Skerry merry vap.  
O morke giff men eine man,  
that tik die scine long o drievan can;  
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap,  
and skerry merry runke ede bunkb.  
Ede boore was a haie dedle downe  
Deale drunke a:  
Skerry merry runk, ede bunk, ede boor was drunk a

O daughter yeis ein alto kleene  
Skerry merry vip,  
O dangbeer yeis ein alto kleene,  
Skerry merry vap,  
O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,  
Te molten slop, ein gere a leene  
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap  
And skerry merry runk ede bunk  
Ede boore was a bay dedle downe  
Dedle drunke a:  
Skerry merry, runk ede bunke ede boor was drunk a.

*Sext.* Gramercies *Valerius*, came this hie-German health as double as his double double ruffe, i' de pledge it.

*Brut.* Were it in Lubeckes or double double beere their owne naturall, liquor i' de pledge it, were it as deep as his ruffe, let the health go round about the board as his band goes round about his necke, I am no more afraid of this dutch fauchid, the I should be of the heathenish inuention.

*Col.* I must entreat you spare me, for my braine brookes not the fumes of wine, their vaporous strength offends me much.

*Horat.* I would haue none spare me, for ile spare none, *Collatine* will pledge no health vnlesse it be to his *Lucrece*.

*Sext.* What's *Lucrece* but a woman, and what are women? But tortures and disturbance vnto men.

If

## The rape of Lucrece.

If they be foule th'are odious, and if faire,  
Th'are like rich vessels full of poysonous drugs,  
Or like black serpents arm'd with golden scales,  
For my owne part, they shall not trouble me.

*Brut.* *Sextus* sit fast, for I proclaime my selfe a womans chā-  
pion, and shall vnhorse thee else.

*Vale.* For my owne part, Ime a marride man, and Ile speake  
to my wife to thanke thee *Brutus*.

*Arn.* I haue a wife too, and I thinke, the most vertuous Lady  
in the world.

*Scen.* I cannot say but that I haue a good wife too, & I loue  
her: but if she were in heauen, beshrew me if I would wish her so  
much hurt as to desire her cōpany vpon earth agin. yet vpō my  
honour, though she be not very faire, she is exceeding honest.

*Brut.* Nay the lesse beautie the lesse temptation to dispoile  
her honesty.

*See.* I should be angry with him that should make question  
of her honour.

*Brut.* And I angry with thee if thou shouldst not maintaine  
her honour.

*Arn.* If you compare the vertues of your wiues, let me step  
in for mine.

*Colla.* I should wrong my *Lucrece* not to stand for her.

*Sext.* Ha, ha, all captens, and stand vpon the honesty of your  
wiues, if possible thinke you, that women of young spirit and  
Of fluent wit, that can both sing and dance, (full age  
Reade, write, such as feede well and taste choice cates,  
That straight dissolue to purity of bloud,  
That keep the veines full, and enflame the appetite,  
Making the spirit able, strong and prone,  
Can such as these their husbands being away  
Emploid in forreine sieges or elsewhere,  
Deny such as importune them at home?  
Tell me that flax wil not be toucht with fire,  
Nor they be won to what they most desire.

*Brut.* Shall I end this controuersie in a word?

*Sext.* Do good *Brutus*.

*Brut.* I hold some holy but some apt to sin,



## The rape of Lucrece.

Some tractable, but some that none can winne,  
Such as are vertuous, Gold nor wealth can moue,  
Some vicious of themselves are prone to loue.  
Some Grapes are sweete and in the Gardens grow,  
Others vnprunde, turne wild neglected so.  
The purest oare contains both Gold and drosse,  
The one all gaine, the other nought but losse.  
The one disgrace, reproch and scandall taints,  
The other angels and sweete featurde saints.

*Colla.* Such is my vertuous *Lucrece*.

*Ar.* Yet for her vertue not comparable to the wife of *Arms*.

*Sec.* And why may not mine be rackt with the most vertuous?

*Hor.* I would put in for a lot, but 1000 to one I shall draw but a blancke.

*Vale.* I should not shew I lou'd my wife, not to take her part in her absence, I hold her inferior to none.

*Arms.* Saue mine.

*Vale.* No not to her. (to arbitrate.

*Brut.* Oh this were a braue controuersie for a Iury of weomen

*Col.* Ile hazard all my fortunes on the vertues  
Of diuine *Lucrece*, shall we try them thus?  
It is now dead of night, lets mount our steeds,  
Within this two houres we may reach to *Rome*,  
And to our houses all come vnpreparde,  
And vnexpected by our hy praisd wines,  
She of them al that we finde best imploid,  
Deuoted and most huswife exercised,  
Let her be held most vertuous, and her husband  
Win by the wager a good horse and armour.

*Ar.* A hand on that.

*Vale.* Heres a helping hand to that bargaine.

*Hor.* But Shal we to horse without circumstance?

*Sec.* *Scenola* will be mounted with the first.

*Sext.* Then mount *Clenall*, *Brutus* this night take you the charge  
of the army, Ile see the triall of this wager, 'twould do me good  
to see some of them find their wiues in the armes of their louers,  
they are so confident in their vertues, *Brutus* weele interchange  
good night, within be thou, but as prouident ore the army as we  
(if our horses faile not) expeditious in our iorney, horse, horse,  
horse.

*Exeunt.*

F

*Enter*

## The rape of Lucrece.

*Enter Lucrece and her two maids.*

*Luc.* But one houre more & you shall all to rest,  
Now that your Lord is absent from this house,  
And that the Masters eie is from his charge,  
We must be carefull and with prouidence  
Guide his domestick busines, we ha now  
Giuen ore all feasting and leaud reuelling,  
Which ill becomes the house whose Lo: is absent,  
We banish all excesse til his returne,  
In feare of whom my soule doth daily mourne.

1. Madam so please you to repose your selfe  
Within your Chamber, leaue vs to our taskes,  
We will not loiter though you take your rest.

*Lu.* Not so, you shall not ouerwatch your selues  
Longer then I wake with you: for it fits  
Good huswives when their husbands are frō home,  
To ey their seruants labors and in care,  
And the true manage of his household state,  
Earliest to rise, and to be vp most late.  
Since all his busines he commits to me,  
Ile be his faithfull steward til the camp  
Dissolue, and he returne, thus wiues should doe,  
In absence of their Lords be husband too.

2. Madam the L. *Tyrnus* his mā was thrice for you here to haue  
entreated you home to supper, he saies his L. takes it vnkindly  
he could not haue your company.

*Lu.* To please a louing husband, Ile offend  
The loue and patience of my dearest friend,  
Methinkes his purpose was vnreasonable  
To draw me in my husbands absence forth  
To feast and banquet, twould haue ill becomd me, (& Mistres,  
To ha left the charge of such a spacious house, without both L.  
I am opiniond thus, wiues should not stray, (cuse me.  
Out of their dores their husbands being away: L. *Tyrnus* shal ex-  
1 *Maide*. Pray Madam set me right into my worke,  
Being abroad I may forget the charge.

*Lucrece.* Imposde me by my L. or be compeld  
To stay out late, which were my husband here,  
Might be without distast, but he from hence,

Which

## The rape of Lucrece.

Which late a broad, there can no excuse dispence.  
Here take your worke againe, a while proceede,  
And then to bed, for whilst you sow, Ile read.

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Valerius, Collatine, Horatius, Scenola.*

*Aruns.* I would haue hazarded all my hopes, my wife had  
not beene so late a reuelling.

*Val.* Nor mine at this time of night a gamboling.

*Hor.* They weare so much corke vnder their heeles, they cānot  
choose but loue to caper.

*Sec.* Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watching  
all theirs were wantoning, and if I ha lost, none can brag of their  
winnings.

*Sex.* Now *Collatine* to yours, either *Lucrece* must bee better  
imploid then the rest, or you content to haue her vertues ranckt  
with the rest.

*Colla.* I am pleas'd.

*Hor.* Soft, soft, lets steale vpon her as vpon the rest, lest hauing  
some watchword at our ariual, we may giue her notice to be bet-  
ter prepar'd, nay by your leaue *Collatine*, weel limit you no ad-

*Colla.* See Lords, thus *Lucrece* reuels with her maids, (uātage.  
In stead of Riot, quaffing & the practise of hy laualties to the ra-  
uishing sound of chambring musique, she like a good huswife  
Is teaching of her husband sundry chares. *Lucrece.*

*Lu.* My L. & husband welcom, 10 times welcom,  
Is it to see your *Lucrece* you thus late  
Ha with your persons so hazard lest the camp,  
And trusted to the danger of a night so darke, and full of horror?

*Aruns.* Lords all's lost. (for this trick.

*Hor.* By Ioue Ile buy my wife a wheele and make her spin

*Sec.* If I make not mine learne to liue by the prick of her nec-  
dle for this, I me no *Roman*.

*Col.* Sweete wife salute these Lords, thy continence  
Hath won thy husbād a Barbarian horse, & a rich cote of armes.

*Lucrece.* O pardon me, the ioy to see my Lord,  
Tooke from me all respect of their degrees,  
The richest entertainment liues with vs,  
According to the houre and the prouision  
Of a poore wife in the absence of her husband:  
We prostrate to you, howsoeuer meane,  
We thus excuse Lord *Collatine* away.



## The rape of Lucrece.

We neither feast, dance, quaffe, riot nor play.

*Sex.* If one woman among so many bad, may be found good,  
If a white wench may proue a black swan, it is *Lucrece* her beauty  
hath relation to her vertue, and her vertue correspondence  
to her beautie, and in both she is fellowlesse.

*Colla.* Lords wil you yeeld the wager?

*Arms.* Stay, the wager was as well which of our wines was  
fairest too, it stretcht as well to their beautie as to their continence,  
who shall iudge that?

*Her.* That can none of vs, because we are all parties, let Prince  
*Sextus* determin it who hath bin with vs, and bin an ey witnesse  
of their beauties. *Val.* Agreed.

*See.* I am pleas'd with the censure of P. *Sextus*.

*Arms.* So are wee all.

*Colla.* I commit my *Lucrece* wholly to the censure of *Sextus*.

*Sex.* And *Sextus* commits him wholly to the dispose of *Lucr.*

I loue the Lady and her grace desire,  
Nor can my loue wrong what my thought admire.

*Arms.* no question but your wife is chaste,

And thrifty, but this Lady knowes no wast.

*Valerius*, yours is modest something faire,

Her Grace and beautie are without compare,

Thine *Mutius* well dispos'd and of good feature,

But the world yeelds not so diuine a creature.

*Horatius*, thine a smug lasse and gract well,

But amongst ail bright *Lucrece* doth excel.

Then our impertiall harts iudging eies,

This verdict gues faire *Lucrece* wins the prise

*Col.* Then Lords you are indebted to me a horse and armour.

*Omnes.* We yeeld it. (house can yeeld?)

*Lu.* Wil you taste such welcom Lords, as a poore vnprovided

*Sex.* Gramercie *Lucrece*, no we must this night sleepe by *Ar-*  
*des* walles. (*Lucrece.*)

*Lu.* I but my Lords, I hope my *Collatine* will not so leaue his

*Sex.* He must, we haue but idled from the Camp, to try a merry  
wager about their wines, and tis the hazard of the kings displeasure,  
should any man be missing from his charge: the powers  
that gouern Rome make diuine *Luc.* for euer happy, goodnight.

*Lucr.* Will not my husband repose this night with vs?

*Her.*

## The rape of Lucrece.

*Hor.* *Lucrece* shall pardon him, we ha tooke our leaues of our wiues, nor shall *Collatine* be before vs, though our Ladies in other things come behind you.

*Col.* I must beswaid: the ioies and the delights of many thousand nights meet all in one to make my *Lucrece* happy.

*Lu.* I am bound to your strict wil, to each goodnight.

*Sex.* To horse, to horse, *Lucrece* we cannot rest,  
Til our hot lust imbosome in thy brest. *Exeunt, manet Lu.*

*Lu.* With no vnkindnes we should our Lords vpbraid,  
Husbands and Kings must alwaies be obaid.  
Nothing saue the high busines of the state,  
And the charge given him at *Ardeas* siege,  
Could ha made *Collatine* so much digresse  
From the affection that he beares his wife, --  
But subiects must excuse when kings claime power.  
But leauing this before the charme of sleepe,  
Cease with his downy wings vpon my eies,  
I must go take account among my seruants  
Of their daies taske, we must not cherish sloth,  
No couetous thought makes me thus prouident,  
But to shun idlenes, which wise men say,  
Begets ranck lust, and vertue beats away. *Exit.*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Horatius, Brutus, Scenola, Valerius.*

*Hor.* Returne to *Rome* now we are in the mid way to the Căp?

*Sex.* My Lordstis busines that concernes my life,  
To morrow if we liue weele visit thee.

*Val.* Wil *Sextus* enioyne me to accompany him?

*Sec.* Or me?

*Sex.* Nor you, nor any, tis important busines  
And serious occurrences that call me,  
Perhaps Lords Ile commend you to your wiues.

*Collatine* shall I doe you any seruice to your *Lucrece*?

*Col.* Only commend me.

*Sex.* What, no priuatoken to purchase our kind welcom?

*Col.* Would Roiall *Sextus* would but honor me to beare her  
a slight token. *Sex.* What? *Col.* This Ring,

*Sex.* As I am Royall I wil see deliuered.

This Ring to *Lucrece* shall my loue conuey  
And in this gift thou dost thy bed betray.

## The rape of Lucrece.

To morrow we shall meete, this night sweet fate,  
May I proue welcome though a guest ingrate.

*Exit.*

*Arms.* Hees for the city, we for the campe, the night makes the  
way tedious and melancholy, prethee *Valerius* a merry song to  
beguile it.

The ninth Song.

*He sings.*

*Valer.* There was a yong man and a maide fell in lone,  
Terry dery ding, terry dery ding, terry terry dings.  
To get her good will be often did,  
Terry dery ding, terry dery ding, languido dillo.  
Theres many will say, and most will allow, terry dery, &c.  
Thers nothing so good as a terry dery dery dery, &c.  
I would wish all maides before they be sicke, terry dery, &c.  
To enquire for a yong man that has a good terry dery, &c.

*Hor.* Good *Valerius*, this has brought vs euen to the skirts of the  
campe, enter Lords. *Exit.*

*Enter Sextus and Lucrece.*

*Lucr.* This ring, my Lord, hath opt our gates to you,  
For though I know you for a royall Prince,  
My soueraignes sonne, and friend to *Collatine*:  
Without that key you had not entred here.  
More lights, and see a banquet strait prouided,  
My loue to my deere husband shall appeare,  
In the kind welcome that I giue his friend.

*Sext.* Not loue-sicke, but loue lunatike, loue-mad,  
I am all fire, impatience, and my bloud  
Boyles on my heart, with loose and sensuall thoughts.

*Lucr.* A chaire for the Prince, may't please your highnes sit.

*Sext.* Madam, with you. (trencher.

*Lucr.* It will become the wife of *Collatine* to waite vpon your

*Sext.* You shall sit, behind vs at the campe we left our stare,  
We are but your guest, indeed you shall not waite,  
Her modestie hath such strong power ore me,  
And such a reuerence hath fate giuen her brow,  
That it appeares a kind of blasphemy,  
To haue any wanton word harsh in her eares,  
I cannot woe, and yet I loue boue measure,  
Tis force, not suite, must purchase this rich treasure.  
*Luc.* Your highnesse cannot taste such homely cates.  
*Sext.* Indeed I cannot feed, but on thy face,  
Thou art the banquet that my thoughts embrace.

*Lucr.*



## The rape of Lucrece.

*Lucr.* Knew you, my Lord, what free and zelous welcome  
We tender you, your highnesse would presume  
Vpon your entertainement, oft, I many times  
I haue heard my husband speake of *Sextus* worth,  
Extoll your worth, praise your perfection, *(Sexte.)*  
I dote vpon your valor, and your friendship prise next his *Lu.*

*Sext.* Oh impious lust, in all things base, respectles & vniust,  
Thy vertue, grace and fame I must enioy,  
Though in the purchase I all Rome destroy.  
Madame, if I be welcome, as your vertue bids me presume I am,  
Carouse to me a health vnto your husband.

*Lucr.* A womans draught my Lord to *Collatine.*

*Sext.* Nay, you must drinke off all.

*Lucr.* Your grace must pardon the tender weaknesse of a wo-

*Sext.* It is to *Collatine.* *(mans braine.)*

*Lucr.* Methinks twould ill become the modesty  
Of any Romane Lady to carouse,  
And drowne her vertues in the iuice of grapes.  
How can I shew my loue to my husband,  
To do his wife such wrong, by too much wine  
I might neglect the charge of this great house,  
Left soly to my keepe, else my example  
Might in my seruants breed encouragement  
So to offend, both which were pardonlesse,  
Else to your grace I might neglect my duty,  
And slacke obeyfance to so great a guest:  
All which being accidentall vnto wine,  
Oh let me not so wrong my *Collatine.*

*Sext.* We excuse you, her imperfections like a torrent  
With violence breakes vpon me, and at once  
Inuert and swallow all thats good in me.  
Preposterous fates, what mischiefes you inuolue  
Vpon a captiue Prince left to the fury  
Of all grand mischiefe, hath the grandame world  
Yet smothered such a strange abortiue wonder,  
That from her vertues should arise my sinne:  
I am worse then whats most ill, depriude all reason,  
My hart all fire lust, my soule all treason. *(brow)*

*Lucr.* My Lord, I feare your health, your changing

## The rape of Lucrece.

Hath shewne so much disturbance, noble *Sextus*,  
Hath not your ventrous trauell from the campe,  
Nor the moyſt rawnes of these humorous night impairde your

*Sext.* Diuineſt *Lucrece* no. I cannot eate. (health)

*Lucr.* To rest then, a ranke of torches there, attend the Prince.

*Sext.* Madam, I doubt I am a guest this night  
Too troublesome, and I offend your rest.

*Lucr.* This ring speakes for me, that next *Collatine* you are to  
me most welcome, yet my Lord, thus much presume, without this  
from his hand, *Sextus* this night could not haue entred here, no,  
not the king himself, my dores the day time to my frinds are free,  
But in the night the obdure gates are lesse kind,

Without this ring they cā no entrāce find. Lights for the Prince.

*Sext.* A kisse and so godnight, nay for your rings sake deny not

*Lucr.* Ioue giue your Highnes soft and sweet repose. (that

*Sext.* And thee the like, repose with soft content,  
My vowes are fixt, my thoughts on mischief bent. *Exit with*

*Lucr.* Tis late, so many starres shine in this roome, *torches.*  
By reason of this great and princely guest,

The world might call our modesty in question,

To reuell thus our husband at the Campe,

Hast and to rest, saue in the Princes chamber,

Let not a light appeare, my hart's all sadnesse,

Ioue vnto thy protection I commit

My chastitie and honour to thy keepe,

My waking soule I giue whilst my thoughts sleepe, *Exit.*

*Enter Cloone and a Seruingman.*

*Clo.* Soft, soft, not to loud, imagine we were now going on the  
ropes with eggs at our heeles, he that hath but a creeking shooe, I  
wold he had a creek in his neck, tread not to hard for disturbing  
Prince *Sextus*. *Ser.* I wonder the P. would ha none of vs stay  
in his chamber & helpe him to bed. *Clo.* What an asse art thou  
to wonder, there may be many causes, thou knowest the Prince is  
a soldier, & soldiers many times want shift, who can say whether  
he haue a cleane shirt on or no? for any thing that we know he  
hath vsde staues aker a late, or hath tane a medcin to kill the itch,  
whats that to vs, we did our duty to proffer our seruice.

*Ser.* And what should we enter farther into his thoughts, come  
shals to bed? Ime as droulie as a doremouse, & my head's as hea-  
as though I had a nightcap of lead on: *Clew.*

## *The rape of Lucrece.*

*Clow.* And my eies begin to glew themselves together, I was til supper was done all together for your repast, and now after supper I am onely for your repose: I think for the two vertues of eating and sleeping, there's neuer a Roman spirit vnder the cope, can put me downe.

*Enter Myrable.*

*Myr.* For shame what a coniuering and catter-walling keep you heere, that my Lady cannot sleepe: you shall haue her call by and by, and send you all to bed with a witnes.

*Clow.* Sweete mistris Myrable, we are going.

*Myr.* You are too lowde: come, euerie man dispose him to his rest and ile to mine.

*Ser.* Out with your Torches fir.

*Clow.* Come then, and euerie man sneake into his kennell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sextus with his sword drawne and a Taper light.*

*Sex.* Night be as secret as thou art close, as close as thou art black and darke, thou ominous Queene Of Tenebrouse silence, make this fatall hower, as true to Rape as thou hast made it kinde To murder and harsh mischief: Cinthea maske thy checke, And all you sparkling Elementall fires, Choke vp your beauties in prodigious fogges, Or be extinct in some thick vaparous clowdes Least you beholdemy practise: I am bound Vpon a blacke aduenture, on a deede That must wound vertue, and make beautie bleed. Pause *Sextus*, and before thou runst thy selfe Into this violent danger, weigh thy sinne, Thou art yet free, belou'd, grac'd in the Campe, Of great opinion and vndoubted hope, Romes dailie in the vniuersall grace, Both of the field, and senate: were these fortunes To make thee great in both, backe yet, thy fame Is free from hazard, and thy stile from shame. Of fate, thou hast vsurpt such power ouer man, That where thou pleadst thy will, no mortall can. On then, black mischief hurrie me the way.



## The Rape of Lucrece.

My selfe I must destroy, her life betray,  
 The state of King and Subiect, the displeasure  
 Of Prince and people, the reuenge of noble,  
 And the contempt of base, the incurd vengeance  
 Of my wrongd kinsman *Colatine*, the Treason  
 Against diuin'st *Lucrece*: all these total curses  
 Foreseene not feare vppon me *Sextus* meete,  
 To make my daies harsh, so this night be sweete  
 No iarre of clocke, no ominous hatefull howle  
 Of any starting Hound, no horse rough breath'd from the  
 Of any drowlie Groom, wakes this charm'd silence, (entrals  
 and starts this generall silence forward stil, *Lucr. discoverd in*  
 To make thy luste liue, all thy vertues kill. *her bed*  
 Heere, heere, behold beneath these Curtaines lyes,  
 That bright enchantresse that hath daz'd my eies.  
 Oh who but *Sextus* could commit such waste?  
 On one so faire, so kinde, so truely chaste?  
 Or like a rauisher thus rudely stand,  
 To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?  
 Or at such fatall houres, these reuells keepe,  
 With thought once to defile thy innocent sleepe,  
 Saue in this brest, such thoughts could finde no place,  
 Or pay with treason her kind hospitall grace:  
 But I am lust-burnt, all bent on what's bad,  
 That which should calme good thoughts makes *Tarquin*  
 mad. Madam, *Lucrece*?

*Lucr.* Whose that? oh me! beshrew you.

*Sex.* Sweete, tis I. *Luc.* What I?

*Sex.* Make roome.

*Luc.* My Husband *Colatine*?

*Sex.* Thy husband's at the Campe.

*Luc.* Here is no roome for any man saue him.

*Sex.* Graunt me that grace.

*Luc.* What are you?

*Sex. Tarquin* and thy friend, and must enioy thee.

*Lucr.* Heauen such sinnes defend.

*Sex.* Why doe you tremble Lady? cease this feare,  
 I am alone, there's no suspitious care,

That

## The Rape of Lucrece

That can bewray this deede: nay start not sweete.

*Luc.* Dreame I, or am I full awake? oh no!

I know I dreame to see Prince *Tarquin* so.

Sweet Lord awake me, rid me from this terror,

I know you for a Prince, a Gentleman,

Royall and honest, one that loues my Lord.

And would not wrack a womans chastitie,

For Romes imperiall Diademe, oh then

Pardon this dreame, for being awake I know,

Prince Sextus, Romes great hope, would not for shame

Prouoke his owne wrath, or dispoile my fame.

*Sex.* I'm bent on both, my thoughts are all on fire,

Chooſe thee, thou muſt imbrace death, and deſire,

Yet doe I loue thee, wilt thou accept it?

*Luc.* No.

*Sex.* If not thy loue, thou muſt inioy thy loe,

where faire meanes cannot, force ſhall make my way:

By loue I muſt inioy thee.

*Lucr.* Sweet Lord ſtay.

*Sex.* I'm all impatience, violence and rage,

And ſaue thy bed, nought cā this fire allwaie: wilt loue me?

*Luc.* No, I cannot.

*Sex.* Tell me why?

*Luc.* Hate me, and in that hate firſt let me dye.

*Sex.* By loue ile force thee.

(Lord forbear)

*Lucr.* By a God you ſwear to doe a denils deede: ſweete

By the ſame loue I ſwear that made this ſoule,

Neuer to yeelde vnto an act ſo foule. Helpe, helpe.

*Sex.* Theſe cuſhens firſt ſhall ſtop thy breath,

If thou but ſhreekeſt: harke how ile frame thy death.

*Luc.* The death: I care not, ſo I keepe vntaind,

The vncea'd honour I haue yet maintaind.

*Sex.* Thou canſt keepe neither, for if thou but ſqueech'eſt,

Or leſt the leaſt harſh noiſe larre in my eare,

Ile broach thee on my ſteele: that done, ſtraite murder

One of thy baſeſt Groomes, and lay you both

Graspt arme in arme, on thy adulterate bed.

Then call in witneſſe of that mechall ſinne,

So ſhalt thou die: thy death be ſcandalous,

The

## *The rape of Lucrece.*

Thy name be odious, thy suspected body  
Denide all funerall rites, and louing *Colatine*:  
Shall hate thee euen in death: then saue all this,  
and to thy fortunes adde another friend,  
Giue thy feares comfort, and these torments end.

*Lucr.* Ile die first, and yet heare me: oh as y<sup>e</sup> are noble,  
If all your gracious and best generous thoughts  
Be not exilde your heart, pittie, oh pittie  
The Vertues of a woman: marre not that  
Cannot be made againe: this once defilde,  
Not all the Ocean waues can purifie,  
Or wash my staine away, you seeke to  
That which the radiant splendor of the Sunne  
Cannot make bright againe: behold my teares!  
Oh thinke them pearled drops, destilled from the heart  
Of soule-chaste *Lucrece*: thinke them Orators, (kinsman,  
To pleade the cause of absent *Colatine*, your friend and  
*Sex.* Tush, I am obdure.

*Luc.* Then make my name pure: keepe my body pure:  
Oh Prince of Princes, doe but weigh your sinne,  
Thinke how much I shall loole how small you winne.  
I loose my honour of my name and blood,  
Lost, *Rome's* imperiall Crowne cannot make good.  
You win the worlds shame, & all good mens hate,  
Oh who would pleasure, buy at such deere rate?  
Nor can you tearme it pleasure: for what's sweet,  
Where force & hate, jarre and contention meete?  
Weigh but for what tis that you vrge me still,  
To gaine a womans loue against her will?  
Youle but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,  
and think that labour's not worth all your strife.  
Curse your hot lust, & say you haue wrongd your friends,  
But all the world cannot make me amends.  
I tooke you for a friend, wrong not my trust,  
But let these chaste tearmes quench your fiery lust.

*S.* No, those moist teares, contending with my fire,  
Quench not my heate, but make it climbe more higher:  
Ile drag thee hence.

*Luc.* Oh!



# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Lucr.* Oh!

*Sex.* If thou raise these cries, lodg'd in thy slaughtered armes, some base Groome dies,  
And Rome that hath thy name admired so long,  
Shal blot thy death with scandal from my tung.

*Lucr.* Ioue garde my innocence.

*Sex.* *Lucrece*, that's mine  
In spight of Ioue & all the powers diuine. *He beares her out*

*Enter a Servingman*

*Ser.* What's a clocke trō? my Lord bad me be carely ready with his Gelding, for he would ride betimes in the morning: now had I rather be vp an houre before my time then a minute after, for my Lord will bee so infinitely angrie if I but ouer sleepe my selfe a moment, that I had better bee out of my life then in his displeasure: but soft, some of my Lord *Colatines* menlye in the next chamber, I care not if I call them vp, for it growes towards day: what *Pompy*, *Pompy*.

*Clo.* Who is that cal's? *Ser.* Tis I.

*Clo.* Whose that, my Lord Sextus his man? what a poxe make you vp before day?

*Ser.* I would haue the key of the Gate to come at my Lords horse in the stable.

*Clo.* I wold my Lord Sextus & you were both in the hay-loft, for *Pompy* can take none of his naturall rest amongst you, heres eene Ostler, rise & giue my horse another pecke of hay.

*Ser.* Nay good *Pompy* helpe me to the Key of the stable.

*Clo.* Well, *Pompy* was borne to doe Rome good, in beeing so kinde to the young Princes Gelding, but if for my kinde-nesse in giuing him Pease and Oates, hee should kick mee, I should scarce say god a mercie horse: but come, ile goe with thee to the stable.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sextus & Lucrece vnrady.*

*Sex.* Nay, weepe not sweete, what's done is past recall,  
Call not thy name in question, by this sorrow  
Which yet is without blemish, what hath past  
Is hid from the worldes eye, and only priuate  
Twixt vs faire *Lucrece*, pull not on my head,

## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

The wrath of Rome if I haue done thee wrong,  
Lone was the cause, thy fame is without blot,  
And thou in *Sexus* hast a true friend got,  
Nay sweete looke vp, thou only hast my hart,  
I must be gone *Lucrece* a kille and part.

*Lu.* Oh!

*She flings from him and Exit.*

*Sex.* No? peuishe dame farwell, then be the bruter  
Of thy owne shame, which *Tarquinius* would conceales  
I am armd against all can come, let mischief frown,  
With all his terror armd with ominous fates,  
To all their spleenes a welcome Ile affoord,  
With this bold hart, strong hand, and my good sword. *Exit.*

*Enter Brutus, Valerius Horatius.*

*Arms, Scenola, Colatine.*

*Br.* What so early *Valer.* and your voyce not vp yet? thou  
wast wont to be my Lark and raise me with thy early notes.

*Val.* I was neuer so hard set yet my Lord, but I had euer a  
fit of mirth for my friend.

*Br.* Prethee let's heare it then whilst we may, for I deuine  
thy musique and my madnes are both short liu'd, we shall  
haue somewhat else to doe ere long, we hope *Valerius.*

*Hora.* Ioue send it.

*Br.* *Horatius,* Me thinks our warres goe not wel forward,  
*Horatius* we haue greater Enimies to buffle with then the  
Ardeans if we durst but front them *Horatius.*

*Hor.* Would it were come to fronting.

*Br.* Then we married men should haue the aduantage of  
the batchelers *Horatius,* especially such as haue reuelling  
wiues, those that can caper in the Citty, while their husbands  
are in the Camp, *Collat.* why are you so sad? the thought of  
this shold not trouble you, hauing a *Luc.* to your bedfellow.

*Colla.* My Lord I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot  
I be merry.

*Ar.* I should be frolique if my brother were but returned  
to the Camp, and in good time behould Prince *Sexus.*

*Omnes* Health to our generall. *Sex.* Thank you.

*Br.* Wil you suruey your forces, & giue order for a present  
assault, your soldiers long to be tugging with the Ardeans.

*Sex.* No.

# The Rape of Lucrece.

*Secs.* No.

*Col.* Haue you scene *Lucretia* my Lord, how fares shee?

*Secs.* Well, Ile to my Tent.

*Arn.* Why how now whats the matter brother?

*Exeunt the brothers.*

*Brn.* Thank you, No, well, Ile to my Tent, get thee to thy Tent & a coward goe with thee, if thou hast no more spirit to a speedy encounter.

*Val.* Shall I goe after him and know the cause of his discontent?

*Sec.* Or I my Lord?

*Brn.* Neither, to pursue a foole in his humour? is the next way to make him more humerous, Ile not be guiltie of his folly, Thank you! no, before I wish him health agen when he is sicke of the fullens, may I dye, not like a Roman, bu a runagate.

*Sec.* Perhaps hee's not well.

*Brn.* Well, then let him be ill.

*Enter Clown.*

*Val.* The news with this hasty poast?

*Clow.* Did nobody see my Lord *Colatine*? oh, my Lady commends her to you, heer's a letter.

*Col.* Giue it me.

*Clow.* Fye vppon't, neuer was poore *Pompy* so ouer-labourde as I haue bin, I thinke I haue spurd my horse such a question, that hee's scarce able to wighee or wag his taile for an answere, but my Lady bad me spare for no horse flesh, and I think I haue made him run his race.

*Brn.* Cosen *Colatine* the news at Rome?

*Col.* Nothing but what you all may well pertak: read here

*Brutus* reades the letter. (my Lord,

Deere Lord, if euer thou wilt see thy *Lucrece*,  
Choose of the friends which thou affectest best,  
And all important busines set apart,  
Repaire to Rome: commend me to Lord *Brutus*,  
*Valerius Martins*, & *Horatius*,  
Say I intreat their presence, where my Father  
*Lucretius* shall attend them, farwell sweete,  
Th' affaires are great, then doe not faile to meete.

*Brn.* Ile



## The Rape of Lucrece.

*Brut.* Ile thither as I liue,

*Exit.*

*Coll.* I though I dye,

*Exit.*

*See.* To Roome with expeditious wings weel'e fly. *Exit.*

*Hora.* The news, the newes, if it haue any shape  
Of sadness, if some prodgye haue chaunst,  
That may beget reuenge, Ile cease to chafe,  
Vexe, martyr, grieue, torture, torment my selfe,  
And tune my humour to strange strains of mirth:  
My soule deuines some happinesse, speak, speak:  
I know thou hast some newes that will create me  
Merry and musical, for I would laugh,  
Benew transhapt, I prethee sing *Valerius* that I may ayre  
with thee.

*Vale.* First tell vs what's the proiect of thy massage?

*Clow.* My Lords, the princely *Sextus* has bene at home,  
but what he hath done, I may partly mistrust, but cannot altogether resolue you: besides, my Lady swore me, that  
whatsoeuer I suspected I should say nothing.

*Vale.* If thou wilt not say thy minde, I prethee sing thy  
minde, and then thou maist saue thine oath.

*Clow.* Indeede I was not sworn to that, I may either laugh  
out my newes or sing am, and so saue my oath to my Lady.

*Hora.* Howe's all at Rome, that with such sad presage,  
Disturbed *Colatine*, and noble *Brutus*  
Are hurried from the Campe with *Scenolus*?  
And we with expedition amongst the rest,  
Are charg'd to Rome? speake, what did *Sextus* there with  
thy faire mistresse?

*Valerius, Horatius and the Clowne their  
Catch.*

*Vale.* Did he take faire *Lucrece* by the toe man?

*Clow.* Toe man.

*Vale.* I man.

*Clow.* Ha, ha, ha, ha man.

*Hor.* And further did he strine to goe man?

*Clow.* Goe man.

*Hor. I man.*

## *The Rape of Lucrece*

Hor. I man. Clow. Ha, ha, ha man, ha fa derry derry derry  
downe a, hey fa derry dino.

Val. Did he take faire Lucrece by the heele man?

Clow. Heele man. Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.

Hor. And did he further strine to feeles man?

Clow. Feeles man. Hor. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man,  
hey fa dery, &c.

Hor. Did he take the Lady by the shin man?

Clow. Shin man. Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.

Hor. Further too would he haue bin man? Clow. Bin man.

Hor. I man. Clo. Ha ha ha ha man. Hey fa dery, &c.

Val. Did he take the Lady by the knee man?

Clo. Knee man. Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.

Hor. Further then that would he be man.

Clo. Bee man. Hor. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man,  
hey fa derie, &c.

Val. Did he take the Lady by the thigh man?

Clo. Thigh man. Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man.

Hor. And now he came it somewhat nye man. Clow. Nye man.

Val. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man, Hey fa dery, &c.

Val. But did he doe the tother thing man?

Clow, Thing man? Val. I man. Clo. Ha ha ha ha man.

Hor. And at the same bad he a sling man. Clow. Fling man.

Hor. I man. Clow. Ha ha ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.

*Exeunt.*

*A Table and Chaire Covered with blacke.*

*Lucrece and her maide.*

Luc. Mirable.

Maid. Madam.

Luc. Is not my father old Lucrecius come yet?

Maide. Not yet.

Luc. Nor any from the Campe?

Maid. Neither madam.

Luc. Go, be gone, and leaue me to the truest grief of heart  
That euer entred any Matrons brest. Oh!

Maide. Why weepe you Lady? alas why doe you staine  
Your modest cheekes with these offensive teares?

H

Luc. Nothing,

## *The rape of Lucrece.*

*Luc.* Nothing, nay nothing: oh you powerfull Gods,  
That should haue Angels' guardent on your throne,  
To protect innocence and chastitie! oh why  
Suffer you such inhumane massacre  
On harmeles vertue? wherefore take you charge,  
On sinles soules to see them wounded thus:  
With Rape or Violence? forgiue white innocence,  
Armor of prooffe gainst sinne: or by oppression  
Kill Vertue quite, & guerdon base transgression?  
Is it my fate aboue all other women?  
Or is my sinne more haynous then the rest,  
That amongst thousands, millions, infinites,  
I, only I, should to this shame be borne,  
To be a staine to women, natures scorne? oh!

*Maid.* What ailes you Madam, troth you make me weepe  
To see you shed salt teares: what hath opprest you?  
Why is your chamber hung with mourning blacke?  
Your habit sable, and your eyes thus swolne  
With ominous teares: alas what troubles you?

*Luc.* I am not, thou didst deceiue thy selfe,  
I did not weepe, theres nothing troubles me,  
But wherefore dost thou blush?

*Maid.* Madam not I.

*Luc.* Indeepe thou didst, and in that blush my guilt thou  
How cam'st thou by the notice of my sinne? (didst betray

*Maid.* What sinne?

*Luc.* My blot, my scandall and my shame:  
Oh Tarquin! thou my honour didst betray,  
Disgrace: no time, no age can wipe away, oh!

*Maid.* Sweete Lady cheere your selfe, ile fetch my Vyol  
And see if I can sing you fast a sleepe,  
A little rest would weare away this passion.

*Luc.* Doe what thou wilt, I can commaund no more,  
Being no more a woman, I am now  
Deuote to death, and an inhabitant  
Of th'other world: these eyes must euer weepe,  
Till fate hath closde them with eternall sleepe.

*Enter*



# *The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Enter Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Seneca, Valerius one way, Lucretius another way.*

*Luc.* Brutus!

*Brn.* Lucretius!

*Luc.* Father!

*Col.* Lucrece!

*Luc.* Collatine!

*Brn.* How cheare you Madam? how is't with you cousen?  
Why is your eye deiect and drown'd in sorrow?  
Why is this funerall black, and ornaments  
Of widdow-hood? resolu me cousen *Lucrece.*

*Hor.* How fare you Lady?

*Old Luc.* What's the matter girle?

*Col.* Why how is't with you *Lucrece*, tell me sweete?  
Why doost thou hide thy face? & with thy hand  
Darken those eies that were my Sunnes of ioy,  
To make my pleasures flourish in the Spring?

*Luc.* Oh me!

*Val.* Whence are these sighes and teares?

*Secu.* How growes this passion?

*Brn.* Speake Lady you are hem'd in with your friendes,  
Guirt in a pale of safety, and enuiron'd  
and cirkled in a fortresse of your kintred,  
Let not those drops fall fruitles to the ground,  
Nor let your sighes ad to the sencelesse winde.  
Speake, who hath wrong you?

*Luc.* Ere I speake my woe,  
Sweare youle reuenge poore *Lucrece* on her foe.

*Brn.* Be his head archt with golde.

*Hor.* Be his hand armd with an imperiall Scepter.

*Old Luc.* Be he great as Tarquin throand in an imperiall seat

*Brn.* Be he no more then mortall, he shall feele  
The vengefull edge of this victorious Steele.

*Luc.* Then seate you Lords, whilst I expose my wrong.  
Father, deere husband, and my kinsmen, Lords  
Heare me, I am dishonour'd and disgrac'd,

## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

My reputation mangled, my renown  
disparaged, but my body, oh my body

*Col.* What Lucrece?

*Luc.* Staind, polluted and defilde.

Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed,

And though my thoughts be white as innocence,

Yet is my body soild with lust, burnd sinne,

And by a stranger I am strumpited, (man Matrons.

Rauisht, inforc'd, and am no more to ranke among the Ro-

*Brw.* Yet cheere you Lady, and restraine these teares,

If you were forc'd, the sinne concernes not you, (Rauisher?

A woman's born but with a womans strength: who was the

*Hor.* I, name him Lady, our loue to you shal only thus ap-

In the reuenge that we will take on him. (peare

*Luc.* I hope so Lords, 't was Sextus the Kings Sonne.

*Omnes.* How? *Sextus Tarquin!*

*Luc.* That vnprincely Prince, who guest-wise entred with  
my husbands Ring,

This Ring, oh *Collatine!* this Ring you sent

Is cause of all my woe, your discontent.

I feasted him, then lodgd him, and bestowde

The choifest welcome, but in dead of night,

My Traiterous guest came arm'd vnto my bed,

Frighted my silent sleepe, threatend, and praide

For entertainment: I despised both.

Which hearing his sharpe pointed Semitar,

The Tyrant bent against my naked brest,

Alas, I begd my death, but note his tyranny,

He brought with him a torment worse then death

For hauing mured me, he swore to kill,

One of my basest Groomes and lodge him dead

In my dead armes: then call in testimony

Of my adulterie, to make me hated

Even in my death, of husband, father, friendes,

Of Rome and all the world: this, this, oh Princes, Rauisht  
and kild me at once,

*Col.* Yet cōfort Lady, I quit thy guilt, for what could

*Lucrece* doe more then a woman? hadst thou dide polluted,

By this base scandall, thou hadst wrong'd thy fame,

And

## The Rape of Lucrece.

And hinderd vs of a moste iust reuenge.

*All.* What shall we doe Lords?

*Brn.* Lay your resolute handes vpon the sword of *Brutus*,  
Vow & sweare, as you hope meed for merrit from the Gods  
Or feare reward for sinne, from deuils below:  
As you are Romans, and esteeme your fame  
More then your liues, all humerous toyes set off,  
Of madding, singing, smiling, and what else,  
Receiue your native vallours, be your selues,  
And ioine with Brutus in the iust reuenge  
Of this chaste rauisht Lady, sweare

*All.* We doe.

*Luc.* Then with your humors heere my grieft ends too,  
My stain I thus wipe off, call in my sighes,  
and in the hope of this reuenge, forbear  
Euen to my death to fall one passionate teare.  
Yet Lords, that you may crowne my innocence,  
With our best thoughts, that you may henceforth know,  
We are the same in heart we seeme in show.  
and though I quit my soule of all such sin, *The Lords whisper*  
Ile not debarre my body punishment:  
Let all the world, learne of a Roman dame,  
To prize her life lesse then her honord fame.

*Kils her selfe*

*Lucr.* Lucrece?

*Col.* Wife.

*Brn.* Lady.

*See.* She hath slaine herselfe.

*Val.* Oh see yet Lords if there be hope of life

*Brn.* Shees dead, then turne your funerall teares to fire  
and indignation, let vs now redeeme  
Our mispent time, and ouer take our sloath  
With hostile expedition, this great Lords,  
This bloody knife, on which her chaste blood flower,  
Shall not from Brutus till some strange reuenge fall on the  
heads of Tarquins.

*Hor.* Nowe's the time to call their pride to compt,  
Brutus leade on, Wee follow thee to their confusion.

*Val.* By Ioue we will, the sprightfull youth of Rome,  
Trickt vp in plumed harnesse, shall attend



## *The rape of Lucrece.*

The march of Brutus, whome wee here create our genrall a-  
gainst the Tarquins.

*See.* Bee it so.

*Br.* We imbrace it: now to stir the wrath of Rome,  
You, Colla ine and good Lucretius,  
With eyes yet drown'd in teares, beare that chaste body  
Into the market place: that horrid object,  
Shall kindle them with a most iust reuenge.

*Hor.* To see the father and the husband mourne  
Ore this chaste dame, that haue so well deseru'd  
Of Rome and them, then to infer the pride,  
The wrongs and the perpetuall tyranny  
Of all the Tarquins, Semius, Tullius death,  
and his vnnaturall vsage by that Monster (reuenge  
Tullia the Queene, all these shall well concur in a combin'd

*Br.* *Lucrece*, thy death wee le moune in glittering armes  
and plumed caskes: some beare that reuerend load,  
Vnto the *forum* where our force shall meete  
To set vpon the pallas, and expell  
This viperous broode from Rome: I know the people  
Will gladly imbrace our fortunes: *Seuola*,  
Goe you and muster powers in Brutus name.

*Valerius*, you assist him instantly, (course  
and to the mazed people freely speake the cause of this con-  
*Val.* We goe. *Exeunt Val. and Scen* (les,

*Br.* And you deare Lord, whose speechles grief is bound-  
Turne all your teares with ours, to wrath and rage,  
The hearts of all the Tarquins shall weep blood  
Vpon the funerall Hearse, with whose chaste body,  
Honor your armes, and to th'assembled people,  
Disclose her innocent woundes: Gramercies Lords,

*A great shout and a flourish with drums and Trumpeets,*  
That vniuersall shout tels me their words  
are gracious with the people, and their troopes  
are ready imbatteild, and expect but vs,  
To leade their troopes, loue giue our fortunes speede.  
Weele murder, murder, and base rape shall bleed.

*Alarm*

## The rape of Lucrece.

*Alarum*, Enter in the fight *Tarquin* and *Tullia* flying,  
pursued by *Brutus*, and the *Romans* marche with drum and Co-  
lours, *Porfenna*, *Aruns*, *Sextus*, *Tarquin*, & *Tullia* meets and  
ioyne with them: To them *Brutus*, and the *Romans* with  
drum and soldiers: they make a stand.

*Brut.* Even thus farre Tirant haue we dogd thy steps,  
Frighting thy frightened feare with horrid Steele.

*Tar.* Lodge in the safety of *Porfennas* armes  
Now Traytor *Brutus* we dare front thy pride.

*Hora.* *Porfenna* thar't vnworthy of a scepter,  
To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyranny,  
In that proud Prince and his confederate sonnes.

*Sex.* Traytors to heauen, to *Tarquin*, *Roome* and vs,  
Treason to Kings, doth stretch euen to the Gods,  
And those high Gods that take great Rome in charge,  
shall punish your rebellion.

*Col.* Oh Deuill! *Sextus* speake not thou of Gods,  
Nor cast those false and fained eyes to heauen,  
Whose rape the furies must torment in hel, of *Lucr: Lucret:*

*Sec.* Her chaste blood stil cries for vengeance to the Etheri-

*Lucr.* Oh twa's a foule deede *Sextus*, (all deities)

*Vale.* And thy shame shalbe eternall, and outline her fame,

*Arm.* Say *Sextus* lou'd her, was she not a woman,  
I, and perhaps was willing to be forc'd,

Must you being private subiects dare to ming  
Warres loud alarum gainst your potent King?

*Por.* *Brutus* therein thou dost forget thy selfe,  
And wrongst the glory of thine Ancestors, stayning thy  
bloud with Treason.

*Brut.* *Tuscan* know the Consull *Brutus* is their powerfull  
*All Tarquin.* Consull? foe.

*Hora.* I consull, and the powerfull hand of Rome  
Graspes his imperiall sword: the name of King  
The tirant *Tarquins* haue made odious  
Vnto this nation: and the generall knee,  
Of this our warlik people, now lowe bends  
To royall *Brutus* where the kings name ends.

*Brut.* Now *Sextus* where's the Oracle, when I kist

My

## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

My Mother earth it plainly did foretell,  
My noble vertues should thy sin exceed,  
*Brutus* should sway, & lust-burnt *Tarquin* bleed  
*Vale.* Now shall the blood of *Servius* fall, as heauy  
as a huge mountaine on your Tyrant heads, orewhelming  
all your glory.

*Hor.* *Tullias* guilt shall be by vs reuengd, that in her pride,  
In blood paternal, her rough coach-wheels dide.

*Lucre,* Your Tirannies,

*Ser.* Pride,

(hate.

*Col* And my *Lucrece* fate, shall al be swalowd in this hostile

*Sex.* Oh *Romulus*, thou that first reard yon walles,

In sight of which we stand in thy soft bosome,

Is hangd the nest in which the *Tarquins* build,

Which in the branches of thy lofty spires,

*Tarquin* shal pearch, or where he once hath stood:

His high built airy shall be drownd in blood,

alarum then, *Brutus* by heauen I vow,

My sword shall prooue thou nere wast mad till now.

*Brn.* *Sextus*, my madnes with your liues expires,

Thy sensuall eyes are fixt vpon that wall,

Thou nere shalt enter, Roome confines you all.

*Por.* A charge then.

*Tar.* Ioue and *Tarquin*.

*Hor.* but we, cry a *Brutus*.

*Brn.* *Lucrece*, force and victory.

*Alarum, the Romans are beaten of.*

*Alarum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Horatius*, *Valerius*,  
*Sciuola*, *Lucretius*, *Colatine*.

*Brn.* Thou Ioniall hand hould vp thy scepter high  
And let not iustice be oprest with pride,  
Oh you Senators leaue not Roome and vs,  
Graspt in the purple hands of death and ruine, the *Tarquins*  
haue the best.

*Hora.* Yet stand, my foote is fixt vpon this bridge.  
Tyber, thy arched streames shall be changd crimso, with  
Roman



## The rape of Lucrece.

Roman blood, before I trudge from hence.

*Scenol. Brutus* retire, for if thou enter Rome,  
We are all lost, stand not on valor now,  
But saue thy people, lets suruiue this day  
To try the fortunes of another field.

*Valer.* Breake downe the bridge, lest the pursuing enemy  
Enter with vs and take the spoile of Rome.

*Hor.* Then breakt behind me, for by heauen Ile grow,  
And roote my foote as deepe as to the center, before I leaue this  
passage. *Lucr.* Come you'r mad.

*Collus.* The foe comes on and we in trifling here hazard our  
selfe and people,

*Hor.* Sauethem all, to make Rome stand, *Horatius* here will fall.

*Brut.* We would not lose thee, do not brest thy selfe  
Mongst thousands if thou frontst them thou art wingde,  
With million swords and darts, and we behind  
Must breake the bridge of Tiber to saue Rome,  
Before thee infinits gase on thy face,  
And menace death, the raging streames of Tiber are at thy backe  
to swallow thee.

*Horat.* Retire to make Rome liue, tis death that I desire,

*Brut.* Then farewell dead *Horatius*, thinke in vs  
The vniuersall arme of potent Rome  
Takes his last leaue of thee in this embrace. *All embrace him.*

*Hor.* Farwell. *All.* Farwell,

*Brut.* These arches all must downe to interdict their passage  
the towne. *Exeunt.*

*Alarm.* Enter *Tarquin*, *Porfenna*, and *Aruns*, with their pikes and  
*Targetieres.*

*All* Enter, enter, enter. *A noise of knocking downe the bridge*

*Hor.* Soft *Tarquin*, see a bulwarke to this bridge. *within.*  
You first must passe, the man that enters here  
Must make his passage through *Horatius* brest,  
See with this target do I buckle Rome,

And with this sword defy the puissat army of two great

*Porfen.* One man to face an host, (kings.  
Charge souldiers, of full forty thousand Romans,  
Theres but one daring hand against your host,

## The rape of Lucrece.

To keep you from the sacke or spoile of Rome, charge, charge.

*Aruns.* Vpon them Souldiers, *Alarum* *Alarum.*

*Enter in generall places, Sextus and Valerius aboue.*

*Sex.* Oh cowards, slaues, and vassals what not enter?

Was it for this you plac'd my regiment

Vpon a hill, to be the sad spectator

Of such a generall cowardise? *Tarquin, Aruns,*

*Porfenna*, souldiers, passe, *Horatius* quickly,

And they behind him will deuolue the bridge

And raging Tyber that's impassible,

Your host must swim before you conquer Rome.

*Val.* Yet stand *Horatius*, beare but one brunt more

The arched brunt shall sinke vpon his piles.

And in his fall lift vp thy realme to heauen

*Sext.* Yet enter.

(hand

*Val.* Deare *Horatius*, yet stand, & saue a milliō by one powerful

*Alarum and the falling of the bridge.*

*Aruns and all.* Charge, charge, charge.

*Sex.* Degenerate slaues, the bridge is false, Romes lost.

*Valer.* *Horatius* thou art stronger then their Hostes,

Thy strength is vertue, theirs are idle boastes.

Now saue thy selfe and leap into the waues.

*Hor.* *Porfenna, Tarquin*, now wade past your depths,

And enter Rome, I feele my body sinke

Beneath my pondrous waight, Rome is preseru'd,

And now farewell: for he that followes me

Must search the bottome of this raging streame,

Fame with thy golden wings, renowne my crest,

And Tiber take me on thy siluer brest. *Exit.*

*Por.* Hee's leapt off from the bridge and drownd himselfe.

*Sext.* You are deceiu'd his spirits soares too hie

To be choakt in with the base element

Of water, lo he swims armd as he was,

Whilest all the army haue dischargd their arrowes,

Of which the shield vpon his backe sticke ful.

*Shout and flourish.*

And harke the sute of all the multitude.

Now welcomes him a land, *Horatius* fame.

Harb.

## The rape of Lucrece.

Hath chekt our armies with a generall shame;  
But come, to morrowes fortune must restore,  
This scandall, which I of the Gods implore.

*Por.* Then we must find another time faire prince,  
To scourge these people, and reuenge your wrongs.  
For this night ile betake me to my tent

*A table and lights in the tent.*

*Targ.* And we to ours, to morrowe we will renowne  
Our army with the spoile of a Rich.towne.

*Exit Tarquin cum suis. Enter Secretarie.*

*Por.* Our secretary.

*Secret.* My Lord.

*Por.* Command lights and torches in our tents.

*Enter souldiers with torches.*

And let a Guard ingirt our safety rownd,  
Whilest we debate of military busines: come sit and lets  
consult.

*Enter Scenola disguised.*

*Scen.* *Horatius*, famous for defending Rome.

But we ha done nought worthy *Scenola*.

Nor of a Roman, I in this disguise

Haue past the army & the puissant guard

Of king *Porfenna*; this should be his tent:

And in good time, now fate direct my strength

Against a king to free great Rome at length.

*Secret.* Oh I am slaine, treason, treason.

*Por.* Villaine what hast thou done?

*Secret.* Why slaine the king.

*Por.* What king?

*Sec.* *Porfenna*.

*Por.* *Porfenna* liues to see thee tortured,

Wich plagues more diuillish then the plague of hel.

*Scen.* Oh too rash *Mutius*, hast thou mist thy aime?

And thou base hand that didst direct my poniard

Against a peasants brest, behold thy errour

Thus I will punish, I will giue thee freely

Vnto the fire, nor will I weare a limbe,

That with such rashnes shall offend his Lord.



## The rape of Lucrece.

*Por.* What wil the madman doe

*See.* *Porfenna* so punish my hand thus, for not killing thee.  
Three hundred noble lads beside my selfe  
Haue vow'd to all the Gods that Patron Rome,  
Thy ruine for supporting tyrannie;  
And though I faile, expect yet euerie houre,  
When some strange fate thy fortunes wil deuoure.

*Por.* Stay Roman, we admire thy constancie,  
And scorne of fortune, go returne to Rome,  
We giue thee life, and say the King *Porfenna*,  
Whose life thou seek it is in this honourable,  
Passe freely, gard him to the walles of Rome,  
And were we not so much ingadge to *Tarquin*,  
We would not lift a hand against that nation that breeds such  
noble spirits. (Exit.)

*See.* Well I go, and for reuenge take life euen of my foe.

*Por.* Conduct him safely, what 300 Gallants  
Sworne to our death, and all resolu'd like him!  
We must be prouident, to morrowes fortune  
Weele proue for *Tarquin*, if they faile our hopes,  
Peace shalbe made with Rome, but first our secretary,  
Shall haue his due rights of funerall, then our shield  
We must addresse next for to morrowes field. Exit,

*Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collaine,  
Lucretius marching.*

*Br.* By thee we are consul, & stil gouerne Rome,  
Which but for thee, had bin dispoild and tane,  
Made a confus'd heape of men and stones,  
Swimming in bloud and slaughter, dere *Horatius*  
Thy noble picture shalbe caru'd in brasse,  
And fixt for thy perpetuall memory in our high capitoll.

*Hor.* Great consul thanks, but leauing this lets march out  
of the citie,  
And once more bid them battell on the plaines.

*Ule.* This day my soule diuines we shal liue free  
From all the furious *Tarquins*: but wheres *Scenola*? we se not him  
to day. *Enter Scenola.*

Here Lords behold me handlelesse as you see,

The

## The rape of Lucrece.

The cause I mist *Porfenna* in his tent,  
And in his stead kild but his secretary.  
The mazed King when he beheld me punish  
My rash mistake, with losse of my right hand  
Vnbegd and almost scornd he gaue me life,  
Which I had then refus'd, but in desire to venge faire *Lucrece*  
Rape. (Soft alarm.

*Hor.* Deare *Scenolathou* hast exceeded vs in our resolute  
But wil the *Tarquins* giue vs present battell?

*Scen.* That may ye heare, the skirmish is begun already,  
twixt the horse.

*Lucre.* Then noble consull leade our main battell on.

*Brn.* Oh loue this day ballance our cause, and let the innocēt  
Of Rape staine *Lucrece* crowne with death and horror (bloud  
The heads of all the *Tarquins*, see this day  
In her cause do we consecrate our liues,  
And in defence of Iustice now march on:  
I heare their martiall musique, be our shock  
As terrible as are the meeting clowdes  
That breake in thunder, yet our hopes are faire,  
And this rough charge shal all our hopes repaire.

*Exeunt, Alarm, battell within.*

*Enter Porfenna and Aruns.*

*Porfenna.* Yet grow our lofty plumes vnflagd with bloud,  
And yet sweet pleasure wantons in the aire, how goes the battell  
*Aruns?*

*Aruns.* Tis euen ballanēt, I enterchang'd with *Brutus* hand  
to hand, a dangerous encounter, both are wounded, & had not  
the rude prease diuided vs, one had dropt downe to earth.

*Por.* Twas brauely fought, I saw the King your father free his  
person from thousand Romans that begirt his state, where fly-  
ing arrowes thick as atoms hung about his eares.

*Aruns.* I hope a glorious day, come Tuskan king, lets on the.

*Alarm, enter Horatius and Valerius.* (bloud

*Hor.* *Aruns* stay that sword that late did drinke the consuls  
Must with his keene phange tire vpon my flesh, or this on thine.

*Aruns.* It sparde the consuls life to end thy daies in a more  
glorious strife.

## The rape of Lucrece.

*Vale.* I stand against thee *Tuscan.*

*Perf.* I for thee.

*Hera.* Where ere I find a *Tarquin*, hees for me.

*Alarum, Fight, Aruns slaine, Persenna Expulst.*

*Alarum, Enter Tarquin with an arrow in his brest, Tullia with him, persude by Collatine, Lucretius, Scenola.*

*Tar.* Faire *Tullia* leaue me, saue thy life by flight,  
Since mine is desperate, behold I am wounded  
Euen to the death, there staies within my tent  
A winged Ienner, mount his back and fly,  
Liue to reuenge my death since I must dy.

*Tul.* Had I the heart to tread vpon the bulke  
Of my dead father, and to see him slaughtered,  
Only for loue of *Tarquin* and a crowne,  
And shall I feare death more then losse of both?  
No this is *Tullias* fame, rather then fly  
From *Tarquin*, mongst a thousand swords sheel dy.

*All.* Hew them to peeces both.

*Tar.* My *Tullia* saue, and ore my caitiue head those meteors  
waue.

*Colla.* Let *Tullia* yeeld then.

*Tul.* Yeeld me cuckold no mercy, I scorne let me the danger  
*Scen.* Vpon them then, know.

*Lacr.* Lets bring them to their fate,  
And let them perish in the peoples hate.

*Tul.* Feare not, Ile back thee husband.

*Tar.* But for thee, sweet were the hand that this chargd soule  
could free.

Life I diepise, let noble *Sextus* stand  
To auenge our death, euen til these vitals end,  
Scorning my owne, this life will I defend.

*Tul.* And Ile sweete *Tarquin* to my power gard thine,  
Come on you slaues and make this earth diuine.

*Alarum, Tarquin and Tullia slaine.*

*Alarum, Brutus all bloody.*

*Brut.* *Aruns* this crimsin fauer for thy sake,  
Ile weare vpon my forehead maskt with bloud  
Till all the moitures in the *Tarquins* veines



## The rape of Lucrece.

Be spilt vpon the earth and leaue thy body  
As dry as the parcht sommer, burnt and scorcht with the canicu-  
lar starres. (his head.

*Hora.* *Arms* lies dead by this bright sword thats here about

*Colla.* And see great consull, where the pride of Rome lies  
funke and fallen.

*Vale.* Besides him lies the queene mangled and hewd amongst  
the Roman soldiērs.

*Hora.* Lift vp their slaughtered bodies, help to reare them a-  
gainst this hill in view of all the camp,

This sight wilbe a terror to the fo, and make them yield or fly.

*Brut.* But wheres the rauisher, iniurious *Sextus* that we see  
not him?

*Short alarm, Enter Sextus.* (steedes

*Sext.* Through broken speares, crackt swords, vnboweld  
Flaude armors, mangled limbes, and battered caskes,  
Knee deepe in bloud, I ha pierct the Roman host to be my fa-  
thers rescue. (hate.

*Hora.* Tis too late, his mounting prid's funke in the peoples.

*Sex.* My father, mother, brother, fortune now,  
I do defy thee, I expose my selfe,

To horrid danger, saftie I despise,

I dare the worst of perill I am bound:

Ontill this pile of flesh be all one wound,

*Vale.* Begirt him Lord, this is the Rauisher.

Theres no reuenge for *Lucrece* til he fall.

*Lu.* Cease *Sextus* then.

*Sex.* *Sextus* defies you all, yet wil you giue me language ere:

*Brut.* Say on.

(I die:

*Sex.* Tis not for mercy, for I scorne that life

Thats giuen by any, and the more to ad

To your immense vnmeasurable hate,

I was the spur vnto my fathers pride,

Twas I that awde the Princes of the Land,

That made thee *Brutus* mad, these discontents,

I rauisht the chaste *Lucrece*, *Sextus* I,

The daughter and thy wife, *Brutus* thy cosen.

Allide indeed to all, twas for my Rape,

## *The rape of Lucrece.*

Her constant hand ript vp her innocent brest, was *Sextus* did all this.

*Collat.* Which ile reuenge,

*Hor.* Leauethat to me.

*Lucr.* Old as I am ile do't.

*Scenol.* I haue one hand yet left, of strength inough to kill a rauiſher.

*Sex.* Come all at once, I all : yet heare me *Brutus*, thou art Honorable.

And my words tend to thee: my father dide

By many hands, whats he mongſt you can challenge

The leaſt I ſmalleft honor in his death?

If I be kild amongſt this hostile throng,

The pooreſt ſnackie ſouldier well may claime

As much renowne in royall *Sextus* death,

As *Brutus*, thou, or thou *Horatius*.

I am to die, and more then die I cannot,

Rob not your ſelues of Honor in my death:

When the two mightieſt ſpirits of Greece and Troy

Tugde for the maſtrie, *Hector* and *Achilles*,

Had puilliant *Hector* by *Achilles* hand,

Dide in a ſingle monomachie *Achilles*,

Had bene the worthie, but being ſlaine by ods,

The pooreſt *Mermidon* had as much honor

As ſaine *Achilles* in the Troians death.

*Brut.* Hadſt thou not done a deed ſo execrable,

That Gods and men abhorre, ide loue thee *Sextus*,

And hugge thee for this chalēge breath'd ſo freely:

Behold, I ſtand for Rome as Generall,

Thou of the *Tarquins* doſt alone ſuruiue,

The head of all theſe garboyles the chiefe actor

Of that blacke ſinne which we chaſtiſe by armes.

Be the Romans with your bright ſwords be our liſts

And ring vs in, none dare to offend the Prince

By the leaſt touch leſt he incurre our wrath:

This honor do your Conſull, that his hand

may puniſh this arch miſchiefe, that the times

Succeeding may of *Brutus* thus much tell,

By

## The rape of Lucrece.

By him pride, lust, and all the Tarquins fell.

*Sext.* To ravish *Lucrece* cuckold *Collatine*:

And spill the chafest blood that euer ran,

In any matrons vaines, repents me not

So much as to ha wrong'd a gentleman

So noble as the Consul in this strife,

*Brutus* be bold, thou fightst with one scornes life.

*Brut.* And thou with one that lesse then his renowne

Priseth his blood or Romes imperiall crowne

*Alarm*, a fierce fight with sword & target, then  
after pause and breath.

*Brut.* *Sextus* stand faire, much honour shall I winne.  
To reuenge *Lucreces*, and chastise thy sin.

*Sext.* I repent nothing, may I liue or die,  
Though my blood fall, my spirit shall mount on hie.

*Alarm*, fight with single swords, and being deadlie wounded  
& panting for breath making a stroke at each,  
together with their gantlets they fall.

*Hor.* Both slaine: oh noble *Brutus* this thy fame  
To after ages shall suruiue, thy body  
Shall haue a faire & gorgious Sepulchre:  
For whom the matrons shall in funeral black  
Mourne twelue sad moones, thou that first gouern'd Rome,  
And swaid the people by a consuls name.  
These bodies of the *Tarquins* wee le commit  
Vnto the funerall pile: you *Collatine*  
Shall succeed *Brutus*, in the consuls place.  
Whom with this Lawrel wreath we here relate

*Crowne him with a lawrel.*

Such is the peoples voice, accept it then.

*Col.* We do, and may our power so iust appeare  
Rome may haue peace, both with our loue & feare.  
But soft, what march is this?

*Flourish* *Perseus*, drum, *Collatine* and *Sextus*.

*Por.* The *Thurskan* king, seeing the *Tarquins* slaine,  
Thus arm'd and battelled offers peace to Rome.  
To confirme which, we'le giue you present hostage,  
If you deny, we'le stand vpon our guard,



## The rape of Lucrece.

And by the force of armes, maintaine our owne

*Val.* After so much effusion and large wast  
Of Roman bloud the name of peace is welcome,  
Since of the *Tarquins* nont remaine in Rome.  
And *Lucrece* rape is now reueng'd at full.  
Twere good to entertaine *Porfennas* league.

*Col. Porfenna* we embrace whose royall presence;  
Shall grace the Consull to the funerall pile.  
March on to Rome, loue be our guard and guide,  
That hath in vs veng'd Rape and punish't pride.

This ended is the rape of sayre *Lucrece* <sup>Exeunt</sup>  
Rebuke and shame hath *Tarkin*, Rome hath peace;  
But though some men commend this *Ad Lucretian*  
She shew'd her selfe in't (for all that) no good Christian  
Nay euen those men y<sup>t</sup> seeme to make y<sup>e</sup> best ont  
Call her a *Davish* good, no good *Protestant*.  
Of this opinion *Grendon John* was the  
Nine and fiftieth of June one thousand  
hundred thirty and three

